

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1917

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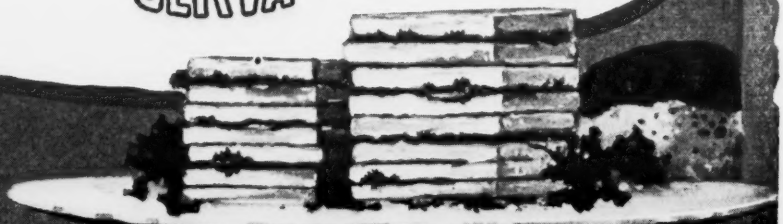
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ST. LOUIS

REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVI. No. 52

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1917

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months; in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

FOR SALE IN EUROPE AT

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Florence.....B. Seeber, 20 via Thornabuoni
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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

HAPPY NEW YEAR! May it see the finish of the Kaiser!

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How the War Looks

THERE is not much news of war, and there is less news of peace. The Kaiser said nothing worth talking of in his imperial Christmas "blurb." A conference of sovereigns and regents is what he has in mind to bring about peace, if no peace comes of his dealings with the Russian Bolsheviks. Sovereigns and regents have no power more. The people will make the peace. The Kaiser is not near peace yet. He may get a lot of supplies from Russia and he may use the forces erstwhile held in Russia on the western front, but he cannot do that right away, in the midst of winter. It will take time to mass his new divisions, and the Allies have the same time to mass forces against them. The Allies are reinforced by the United States with men and supplies. Before the opening of spring the reinforcements of both will be tremendously augmented. In fact what the Kaiser faces is a new war in which his antagonists count as nothing all his vaunted achievements thus far. After all he has done he has failed of his object on the western front and only there can that object be attained. He has lost on the Marne, on the Somme, at Verdun, in Italy, on the Tigris, and he knows not what he has won, if anything, in Russia. The Kaiser wants peace, as his speeches show, but he cannot get his kind of peace. The moral sense of civilized mankind is against him. Time is now against him. The massed power of the world is against him. And an eternity of infamy awaits him.

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Why Not Use the Western Roads?

PROBABLY there would not be such a crippling freight congestion in the east if the gentlemen who are in charge of transportation would deflect the shipments now being drawn to the Atlantic seaboard ports to places like Galveston, Port Arthur and New Orleans. There are no congestions of docks or railroad yards at those places. Why not send the middle west and western and northwestern goods to those ports? The railroads that run to those ports are not overloaded with business going in that direction, but they are being called upon to supply a great deal of their best motive power to the eastern roads. The western roads are in condition to take a vast amount of freight for those southern ports and thus to relieve the eastern roads, but at last accounts no one seems to have thought of this plan of facilitating commerce. This change in transportation administration might with profit be put into operation while we are awaiting the beginning of the work of utilization of the rivers.

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The Housing Problem

PAPERS are burgeoning with articles about the housing problem in places where there is greatly increased activity in the production of war materials. Of course the workers have to be housed. But suppose the government goes into housing what will be the result? It will be to increase land values and to raise rents for everybody. The cost of housing is to be put on the people at large in taxation for war. Why not put the cost upon the landlords who will profit by the action? Why are there not accommo-

dations for workers in the places where housing is now proposed? Because the owners of land held out of use help to increase the rent of houses on the land that is used. Rising rents eat into wages in many ways. Shortage of land supply—where there is abundance of land everywhere held out of use,—increases the cost of every article of necessity. It packs people into unlighted and unclean tenements. And because the landlords won't let go of their land for use, but profit by the increase in value because of crowding population, everybody will have to contribute to government housing operations. It is time the people should see that there would be no housing question anywhere if the land supply were unlocked. The way to unlock it is to tax all idle land so heavily that its holders would have to release it to use.

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Universal Training

SECRETARY OF WAR BAKER is under fire because he does not come out for universal military training. He says that we are fighting to do away with the need for universal military training, and there's something in that. Still there's this to think of—that universal training under quasi-military form and method but not specifically for warlike purpose would be a good thing. It might be utilized to the accomplishment of great public works,—canals, highways, irrigation projects. It could be used as a great health measure. Properly carried out the disciplining of such an army would enable a physical examination of the young men of the country and the discovery and cure of ailments or defects in some hundreds of thousands of such persons annually, by joining the training with institutions like the reclamation camps suggested by Dr. Quayle and Senator Pomerene. It requires little imagination to conceive of many ways in which such training could provide the much desiderated "moral equivalent of war." There is no question that our young man need training of some kind and that they need a livelier sense of duty to render some service to their country. That service need not necessarily be slaughter, but in the event that this war is not to bring in the millennial peace—and one well may doubt that it will—the training in co-operative and co-ordinated effort would come in handy in the event of aggression by some nation not so addicted to peace as we are. Universal training, not exclusively nor predominantly military, is not objectionable. The military possibility of the application of the training could be kept subordinate. All the people would still be more powerful than the trained men, and a democracy—if we are to remain a democracy—can control an army as it can control legislatures. I am for universal training for non-militaristic work, with the possibility of the necessity of military action not wholly ignored.

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The War Council

HERE'S hoping that Secretary Baker's new War Council will be able to get some better team work in operation between the Council of Defense and the various branches of the War Department. There doesn't seem to be any such team work in many details. The Council of Defense hasn't anything to say when a man like General Crozier or a man like General Crowder has spoken. There are departments connected with the war which apparently have no ligatures connecting them with other departments and they find themselves all unwittingly working at cross purposes with those other departments. They go ahead and do things which, after

they have been done, have to be undone. This sort of thing causes a great deal of delay. There is no power at the top unless it be Secretary Baker, but he is only one human being who cannot know everything as by miraculous intuition. When muddles get up to him he solves them quickly enough, according to all reports, but the muddles take a long time in getting to him and the longer the time the more they muddle. The War Council is just what was needed. Co-ordination will be handed down from above. And military red tape will be cut. That is the way to get on with the war.

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The Big Sabotage

If sabotage is interference with the processes of production for the attainment of selfish personal or class ends, there is, as Thorstein Veblen points out, a good deal of sabotage practiced by big business. But the boss sabotagist is the landlord who interferes with production by holding land out of use. Holding land for a rise is the wrench in the machinery that operates most effectively against production. Abolish speculation in land. Tax the speculation out of it.

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A Mysterious Army

WHAT is that army of, estimated, three hundred thousand men doing at Saloniki? The general of that army has been changed. What is the army defending? It isn't attacking anybody or anything. Have we not been given to understand that there is no longer any danger of an attack upon this army? The Saloniki army is the war's greatest mystery.

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How to Help the Railroads

COMMON sense dictates that as to the railways the best men to run them are the men who have been running them. That is the argument against government ownership hot off the bat. There is no lack of ability in the men who now run the roads. They are up against many things—among them certain laws. When conditions imperatively demand unification of the roads the laws say the roads shall be operated as separate and distinct from one another as possible, aside from mere transference of freight and passengers. The railroad operators are doing the best they can. They would do better if many of the restrictions upon them were removed. The roads need money for equipment. They cannot get it in the simplest way that offers—by raising rates. The Interstate Commerce Commission will not stand for that. What is the alternative? That the government guarantee the roads a minimum profit, and, of course, if necessary, call on the people to pay the deficit in revenues after the war. That it seems will be, as the man in the street says, *some* deficit. That is the way England is meeting her railroad problem. It involves the government paying finally all the increased wage cost and supply cost and the cost of transportation that shippers do not pay. The government would operate the roads during the war and then turn them back to the owners—either much depreciated in value, or with a big deficit account. The end of that situation would be government ownership. Just now no one pays much heed to a suggestion that the railways be made self-supporting. That means higher rates. The government could adjust rates to wage accounts and general expenses, but it will not, apparently. If those served by the roads pay what the service is worth there won't be any deficit. But the immediate need of the roads is money for equipment and extension, and without rates to insure profits, the money cannot be borrowed. Should not the government advance money to build equipment? Why could not the government build locomotives and cars and lease them to the roads, the cars paying for themselves in the course of a few years just as they have done in the past in dealings with the manufacturers of cars and locomotives? The government could be given authority, if it have not that authority now, to distribute equipment where necessary. While doing this the government could provide for adjusting rates according to the increase in the operating expenses. As for

government ownership now, the public is none too convinced that government ownership and operation of some of the larger war instrumentalities is so tremendously superior in efficiency to the privately owned and operated railroads. Congress inclines to try the car-trust plan of equipment through an equipment corporation with strong government representation in the management. The idea back of this is that the government can get pay for the cars on short time, by allowing the roads higher rates, and that a goodly amount of excess profits taxes can be assured by the same course of action. Thus the service rendered by the roads will be paid by those for whom it is rendered and the people at large will be relieved of taxes they would have to pay if low rates should continue to prevail. It is either this or government ownership, and if this be not done soon, government ownership may come by a sort of desperate snap judgment action. The question at issue is not, after all, whether we shall have government ownership of railroads, but how to win the war. The war cannot be won with the railroads crippled as they are. The government must help the roads to equip and to pay for their equipment. The people don't want to buy the railroads now. Let the government build cars and lease them at a figure that will include the interest on the property supplied and fix the rates so that the car bills will be promptly paid and there will be big profits left to be taxed to the help of the government and the relief of the people. * * * As I write the Associated Press intimates that the President has decided to take over the railroads and have them operated by a special cabinet headed by Secretary McAdoo.

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Private Cars

FRANK VANDERLIP, preaching rigid economy from the platform of a sumptuous private car, has helped somewhat to lighten the war gloom of late. And yet there may be real economy in the use of a private car. I have been on private cars with railroad officials and discovered that such cars may save more than they cost, when the people riding in them use them for actual work. The private car can be and often is a very busy office-on-wheels in which much work is done between stops. I don't think Frank Vanderlip is much of a loafer on any job he undertakes, on a private car or elsewhere. And I don't believe in all the stuff talked about economy. If we are all to economize down to the bone, who's to do business, who's to pay salaries and wages, who's to pay the big taxes? Thrift is much needed, but thrift can become a vice. Economy must stop short of paralyzing production. It must be restrained and regulated so that it will operate to release effort in the direction of most needed production, and, of course, to conserve money to loan the government. But there are cases in which the use of a private car more than pays for itself and there are ways of saving that amount to waste.

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Monsieur Caillaux

M. JOSEPH CAILLAUX was a figure in a sensational trial, in which his wife was defendant to the charge of murdering a Paris editor, when the war broke out. He was then said to have had suspiciously friendly relations with the Deutsche Bank of Berlin. Now he comes to trial before the Deputies for alleged dealings with Bolo, the German spy. In between times a woman friend of his was convicted of food-sequestration through the corruption of army officers. Caillaux may be an innocent man but he is always close to doings that are off color—so close that one cannot quite believe that his accusers are always wrong. If only we could hope that a Caillaux scandal would synchronize with the end as with the beginning of the war.

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Hoover, Spreckels, Reed

As concerns Mr. Hoover and his alleged sins and errors in sugar-conservation, the country's common sense will see that his accuser, Mr. Claus Spreckels, has a more powerful motive for discrediting the Food Controller, than Mr. Hoover could possibly

have for regulating sugar in a way to make money for some of Mr. Spreckels' rivals. Mr. Hoover's answer to Spreckels' charges that his rulings increased the cost of sugar to consumers, is conclusive. He is moreover convincing in his showing that the sugar situation would have been much worse if it had been left as Mr. Spreckels wanted it left. When the plutes complain of Hoover we may know he hurt their pocket-nerve—not that it is his duty to hurt anybody; but everybody knows that but for Hoover and his rules, nobody but plutes could have had any sugar for some weeks past. Hoover is all right. Senator Reed has a fixed idea of antipathy to Hoover, but outside of that, Senator Reed's all right, too.

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Our Senatorship

GOVERNOR GARDNER of Missouri has said that he will not be a candidate for United States senator against William Joel Stone. But Mr. Gardner has made a very good governor and he has time before the senatorial election to add more good works to his record, and the friends of good administration in this state may force him into the field, as they kept him in the gubernatorial race when he would have withdrawn. There is nothing final in politics at this stage of the game, even though there are signs that Senator Stone is recovering his popularity because though he opposed our going to war he has supported the President in every proposal for the prosecution of the war. Mr. Gardner has been a splendid war-governor, and we must remember that the war-governors between 1861 and 1865 were nearly all promoted to higher honors.

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Breaking the Labor Truce

ABOUT that supreme court decision which prevents union labor from propagandizing among workers in non-union shops, Justice Brandeis, dissenting, said a wise, true thing. "If it is coercion to threaten to strike unless plaintiff (the employer) consents to a closed union shop, it is coercion also to threaten not to give one employment unless the applicant will consent to a closed non-union shop." The law as interpreted may be said therefore to approve in a fashion the employer's sabotage, while forbidding the sabotage of the employee. There are thus two kinds of law. And while the supreme court says the organizations of labor cannot operate to promote their ends by admittedly peaceful methods, the Clayton act expressly exempts organizations of labor from the provisions of the Sherman law forbidding combinations in restraint of trade. There is another decision of the supreme court, too, that shows the court's tendency to ignore the labor sections of the Clayton act—in the Paine Lumber Company case. This indicates a state of law not conducive to the maintenance of relations between employers and organized workers calculated to facilitate an increase of production of goods needed in the war. So far as there is "a labor truce" between the government and the unions, this decision breaks it. Conceivably the ruling may foster Bolshevism here. It runs counter to the advice of British statesmen who told us of the good results of a labor truce in England. If employers should act on the court's ruling it would be very bad strategy. It will be bad if this decision inclines workers to believe that "this is a rich man's war but a poor man's fight." The decision will not help to reconcile organized labor to the war's multiplication of millionaires, all of whom are at the same time opposed to unionism and to taxes upon excess profits. Maybe President Wilson will say of this as Andrew Jackson said of a decision by John Marshall—I quote haphazardly, in haste—"It may be the law, but if so, let the supreme court enforce it."

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About Some Possibilities

SOME inveterate politicians of the Democratic persuasion are "mentioning" General Pershing for nomination for President, and Mr. Hoover for Vice-President. The last I heard of General Pershing's politics was that he is a Republican, and when Mr.

Hoover was asked his politics he said he was a Liberal—he was so used to the political terminology of Great Britain. For the present we don't care what are the politics of these men, so long as they do their work. I recall that Grant was a Democrat until the Republicans offered him the presidential nomination, and Pershing might adjust himself to conditions in the same way. I don't know that either General Pershing or Mr. Hoover has a political bee in his bonnet. If either has, it won't help him in his present job. Indeed, talking about them for President or Vice-President will merely add to their troubles and difficulties. I touch upon the "mentionings" only to set the politicians right as to the political records of the two distinguished "possibilities."

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I READ an article the other day entitled "The First American Offensive"—and it didn't say a word about Postmaster-General Burleson. That's strange.

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The Packer Pirates

MR. J. OGDEN ARMOUR says that the Chicago meat-packers have done nothing in their furtive organization of the Stock Yards Company that is against the law. But if the things done were "on the level," why the concealments and tortuosities of procedure involved in dummy directors and all the rest of it? Mr. Armour was the "main guy" of the operations and he held up his associates for all the profits over nine per cent. The threat to remove the packing plants from Chicago was a blunderbuss at the head of that commercial community and it forced all the interests to come in or be wrecked. Anyone with half an eye can see that the Stock Yards Company was a device for the capturing of more charges upon the goods produced by the packers. The switching and storage charges upon the producers of cattle were gobbled by the packers and passed on again to the consumers. The Stock Yards Company is a means of absolutely controlling transportation at the stock yards terminal. Whoever couldn't or wouldn't stand the charges couldn't sell meat on the hoof to the packers. The supply of cattle was thus controlled. Not only that, but in connection with other arrangements in transportation, it enabled the packers to control prices for poultry, vegetables, fertilizers, hides and leather, dairy products, etc. When Mr. J. Ogden Armour says that the company's object was to reduce the cost of supplies to the multitude, those who know something of the provision problem cannot but smile. The farmers and dairymen and poultry raisers tell a tale which refutes the explanation of Mr. Armour. It is well known that the packers' trust has reached out and secured control not only of practically every butcher shop in the land, but has recently been discovered easing itself into the wholesale grocery business in many of the large cities. Moreover, readers of the testimony brought out by Francis J. Heney will note that the Stock Yards Company was based not upon the service of the packers to the people, but upon land values in the central manufacturing district of Chicago—800 acres of land and 250 miles of belt and terminal railways. The whole story of the Stock Yards Company is a record of deceit and general skulduggery. The end sought was monopoly of the food supply so far as the packers were interested in food supply. We all know how the Armours and others have operated in the wheat market and how they held up the railroads even as they held up the public. The story as it comes out is not pleasant reading in war-time, but the truth and only the truth shall make us free of this and other evils. Let us have all of it. Only let us hope that before it is all brought out, Mr. Francis J. Heney will not be "bumped off" as the big interests tried to have him "bumped off" by assassination in San Francisco some years ago.

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A Symbolic Outrage

A MOB of Russian revolutionists recently broke into the house of Tolstoy at Ysnaya Polanya and burned the books, manuscripts and relics there pre-

served. Tolstoy, like Whitman, hasn't reached the people for whom he wrought. He is a prophet to the intellectuals, as Whitman still remains, for all the discussion of his message. But Russia of to-day is acting out the Tolstoy doctrine. It is applying in rather ruthless fashion his principle of common ownership of the land, and it is applying his principle of non-resistance in making a separate peace with Germany. Tolstoy would not have worked as Trotsky and Lenine are working. He would not have the land taken over by force, and he would not have allied himself with Force and Evil on the theory that that is the way to "resist not evil." The burning of the Tolstoy relics is as nothing compared with the attack upon his principles by mal-application. There is an appropriate symbolism in the Scythian savagery of the destruction at Ysnaya Polanya.

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The Irish Question

A FEW days ago, in a speech at Dublin, in which he dealt with the probable results of the Irish convention, Sir Horace Plunkett, chairman of the convention said that while he was unable as yet to promise a unanimous report, the convention had agreed on so many points that it would certainly leave the Irish question better than it had found it. This confirms the prophecy of Councilor John Quinn, of New York, than whom no Irish-American in the United States is better qualified to speak on Irish affairs. The Sinn Fein movement is not dead, but it receives little support from this country, that has been the source of supply for Irish agitation for a hundred years. There are some indications that Ulster is more tractable than it was. Indeed the British government outside of "the stern and unbending Tories" is being forced by American opinion to an attitude of concession to Irish claims. The government realizes that if the convention does nothing the Irish question will go before the peace conference as part of the discussion of justice for the small nations. England cannot oppress Ireland and yield assent to President Wilson's expressions about the subject nationalities. Sinn Fein is not in the convention, but if the convention reaches any reasonable compromise, Sinn Fein cannot hold out for absolute independence. There is no chance for absolute separation of Ireland from England: it is as impossible politically as economically. The convention cannot go that far, but if it fulfils Sir Horace Plunkett's and John Quinn's prophecies it will put the Irish question in such shape as will check the tendency to revolution and it will put the question in shape also to make it logically submissible to the international peace congress in such a way as to command support from the United States and France, to say nothing of Belgium. The Irish-Americans who are loyal to this country in the war are those who are doing most to help the cause of Ireland, to make the island a self-governing member of a British federation as are Canada and Australia. The future of Ireland is in the hands of this country, not in those of Germany.

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The Dry Drive

PROHIBITION—there is talk about it and about. The proposal to limit the period to which ratification of the resolution for a constitutional amendment shall be restricted, is said to be unconstitutional. Congress is said to have no right to declare that if the amendment has not been ratified by three-fourths of the states within seven years, the amendment shall fail. I doubt that this point of unconstitutionality will hold. The congress has the right to deal with the liquor question as it sees fit. No change in the constitution is required to empower prohibition during the war. Why should such change be necessary to such action during peace? Congress can put any limits it wishes on the operation of the process of submission for rectification. It does wisely, for we don't want the prohibition amendment hanging fire as have some others for more than a century. As the *Globe-Democrat* says, there is a muddle in the declaration of the proposed amendment, that con-

gress shall have concurrent power with the several states to enforce the article. This would probably limit the power of congress to legislate except in exact conformity with the legislation of all the states, and at the same time prevent the states from legislating otherwise than in exact literal conformity with congressional action. How far will the amendment interfere with the right of a state to local self-government? Suppose a state that has ratified the prohibition amendment should reverse that action. Would the old rule stand that "ratification is final, while rejection is not?" Can a prohibition legislature of a decade or a score of years ago bind a state to-day or to-morrow that may elect a "wet" legislature? To tell the truth, the prohibition amendment and resolution are, as the *Globe-Democrat* says, drawn with "defects" that "reflect on the capacity or the sincerity of the framers of the proposed amendment." The action is full of what look like "jokers." But libertarians should not pin too much or too strong hope upon constitutional lawyers. They should work against prohibition in whatever state proposed because it is tyrannical, because it is false economy, because it is false ethics in that it places the individual's control in a personal matter outside of himself, because it blockades escape from the malady of inhibitions upon thought and imagination. The only kind of prohibition that is right or tolerable is the prohibition the individual imposes on himself. For the rest—freedom with responsibility.

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Coal Shortage

CONFRONTING a coal shortage next year of fifty million tons, what is the country going to do about it? Is there any way out of the difficulty other than by the government's taking over the mines and conscribing labor to work them? Labor cannot be conscribed for private employers. Coal is indispensable to the conduct of the war. Has anyone thought of action by congress to force the opening of coal mines in land now unused? A tax, a heavy tax, upon unused coal lands would work to that end.

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A Man Who'll Do

THE St. Louis Chamber of Commerce has elected to its presidency one of the city's greatest merchants and manufacturers, Mr. Jackson Johnson. Here is the man to do something for the commercial advancement of the city. He is a most forthright person with no "academic" views about business or about what is wrong with this community. He doesn't indulge in camouflage himself, nor stand for it from others. Under his direction the Chamber of Commerce will quit marking time and side-stepping issues generally. It should find out why so many new businesses are started on the other side of the river. I would not be surprised if it found out that the main reason is the price at which land available for factories is held on this side of the river.

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Mars' Chess Board

By Chester H. Krum

IN a war which, even before the entry into it by the United States, became more or less befogged by innumerable questions of importance as well as of insignificance, it is natural, that by this time there should be at least some discussion of strategy by persons who have in the trade of war neither slain men, nor found their dearest action in the tented field. Doubtless the appearance of the recent book of Professor Douglas Wilson Johnson, "Topography and Strategy in the War" (Henry Holt & Company, New York) results from this condition of affairs.

The author, who evidently has bestowed much thought upon his work and must be thoroughly versed in matters of topography, declares one of the objects of his book to be to emphasize an interesting relationship which he finds exists between inanimate Nature and the science of War. But without undertaking to criticise, when the term *strategy* is em-

ployed in association with topography—does not a demonstration of the bearing which the surface of the land has upon military movements tend rather to elucidate matters of operation as a part of military strategy than to the clarification of the whole, composed of that and other parts?

Strategy, as such, in the broad military sense seems to comprise three essential elements—a base of operations, an objective point and a line of operations—and thus constituted, in its practical application is defined to be the art of moving troops so as to dispense with a battle, or to deliver one with the most decisive results and to the best advantage. There can be no question that topography plays an important part in military conception and that topographical conditions are often determinative of what shall be the line of operation. Here, by the way, room is found for what may be an interesting digression.

The Civil war, 1861-1865, developed generals of marked capacity and, for the most part, they came from the engineers, or the topographical engineers. Grant did not come from the engineers, but then, Grant possessed a military genius that is not to be measured by any one department of the art and science of war. Sherman, Thomas and Hancock did not, but McPherson did, come from the engineers, so did Franklin, Reno, Stevens—who might have changed history had he not fallen at Chantilly—and Parke, Humphrey and MacKenzie. Meade and Lee however were from the topographicals. The engineers afforded some failures. To Reno at South Mountain where he fell, the topography—the "lay of the land"—showed the brilliancy of his attack. Meade knew the conformation of Pipe Creek and would have fought there had not Reynolds with his life located the battle at Gettysburg. What topography told Lee as he overwhelmed Pope, also of the engineers, Second Bull Run affords historical evidence.

The volume of Professor Johnson is devoted to a discussion of various campaigns of the present war; that of the western theatre, involving the invasion of France and the aptly denominated deadlock, which now confronts all parties and into which the United States will be thrown, as far as present conditions indicate; the campaign of the eastern front, involving Galicia, Poland and the Russian retreat, together with the downfall of Rumania, and finally the Italian campaign, with probably more topography to the square mile than any campaign since Napoleon crossed the Alps, thus affording an imaginative artist opportunity to "pose" him on a war-horse, which itself could not have crossed the mountains, except on wings.

However one may have been led at first to regard topography as only an incident in strategic matters, the book of Professor Johnson will afford the reader abundant room for reflection to the contrary of his first impression. One reads, with doubtless a degree of surprise, that: "Had the land of Belgium been raised a few hundred feet higher above the sea, or had the rock layers of northeastern France not been given their uniform downward slope towards the west, Germany would not have been tempted to commit one of the most revolting crimes of history and Belgium would not have been crucified by her barbarous enemy. For it was, in the last analysis, the geological features of western Europe which determined the general plan of campaign against France and the detailed movements of the invading armies." Might not the learned geologist and topographer have gone even farther and have predicted that as the surface configuration of western Europe enabled the Kaiser to overrun Belgium and nearly overwhelm Paris, that same configuration may enable the United States, when we "get really in," not only to drive out the marplot, but send him an exile to that resort so greatly deserved by outlaws of his ilk?

An unfortunate obstacle to this consequence lies in the fact that the animal to whom the Divinity that shapes our ends plays "second fiddle," must be disposed of in Belgium, because when the allies shall

have driven him back of the Rhine, they will be confronted by a configuration which is like that which saved Paris at the beginning of the western campaign. As an insert between pages four and five of the Professor's book there is a topographical map of the "natural defenses of Paris" which in itself is more instructive on the subject of the Prussian failure to take Paris than anything which I have seen. The topography of the defenses along the Rhine is similar to that of the defenses of Paris.

As one reads this most valuable contribution to the literature of the war, he becomes more and more impressed with the demonstration that the German General Staff were and are better tacticians than strategists. Having deemed it essential to the scheme of conquest (the objective point being the outlet to the Mediterranean), they did not give sufficient consideration to the natural obstacle in the way of their project to dispose of France in order to insure the success of the main strategic movement. Paris, as Louis Napoleon left it, was defenseless because of Metz and Sedan, but Paris in 1914 had all of the forces of France and England to battle for her on the line of her natural defenses. I have never believed that Prussia ever expected to conquer France. That the expectation was to paralyze the French as a threatening force on the flank of the movement to the outlet sought, or as an obstacle in the way of the projected middle empire may be conceded. But Prussia never projected an insane scheme of world-wide conquest. France alive, the way to the Middle Empire was obstructed—France dead, it was as open as some great, broad, unobstructed national highway. If we contrast the movement on Paris with the Atlanta campaign conducted by Sherman, we will at once appreciate the difference between tactics and strategy. Grant, who was an adept in strategy as well as in tactics, having devised the campaign as a part of the grand strategy of the closing years of the Civil war, assigned Sherman to its conduct. Sherman proceeded to do it in the best style of strategic art. His army was organized and equipped so as to be well in hand to avoid battles where they might be undesirable or give them where they promised success. The only slip that Sherman made in the campaign was when he delivered battle at Kenesaw Mountain, just as Grant mistakenly attacked at Cold Harbor. Grant said of Sherman's campaign, that it was "managed with the most consummate skill." On the other hand, when, at the close of the campaign, Sherman was attacked by Hood, he seems not to have been quite up to the mark as a tactician in leaving a flank "in the air," even as Hooker did at Chancellorsville. Possibly it resulted from the extraordinary extension of his "front," which had become seven miles long, but its consequence was deplorable in the loss of McPherson, a most lovable soldier of pronounced and proven capacity.

The lesson to be derived from the story of the western campaign is that topographical conditions afforded Prussia an easy access to France through Belgium, but like conditions held defensively by troops of unbroken stamina were an insuperable obstacle to the capture of Paris. To be impressed by these ultimate facts, one must read this book. He will appreciate how the underestimate of the enormous strength of the Prussian forces nearly caused the loss of the line of the allies from Mons to Charleroi and Namur; he will find a vivid description of the battle of the Marne given in simple, clear, and instructive fashion; he will learn how the allies were unable to carry the line of the Aisne, thereby ending the mobile character of the campaign and beginning the war of the trenches; he will perceive how hard was the death of the myth of Prussian invincibility and what a lesson was given by forty thousand Kaiser-corpses at the base of natural fortifications; he will see how the terrain of the Verdun district made it impossible for the invader to gain farther ground; he will find maps which are speaking demonstrations and understandable even by those who are not "war correspondents,"

and he will arrive at the conditions of "deadlock" which now obtains on the western front, profoundly influenced by the fact that merely the configuration of the land—topography—played an important part in bringing about a problem of war which the United States alone may be able to solve. That the solution is not yet at hand, signifies nothing.

Passing to the eastern theatre of the war, we find that a great part of the territory "has been glaciated." From what one hears of the climate of Russia, it is safe to conclude that the land is still of that same type. We are given in good English such details of the campaigns in Poland, Russia, Galicia and eastern Prussia as it is possible to give where one cannot avoid the use of the jaw-breaking names of rivers, provinces, and towns. I am a firm believer with Pitt that confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom, but the story is so lucidly told and topographical influences so well indicated, that I am inclined to forgive the Professor for not having given us what is possibly the true solution of the Russian problem, and that is the utter inefficiency of the Russians as soldiers. One has only to read Kinglake's description of Inkerman to appreciate what poor soldiers human beings are whose courage depends upon arrack and whose brains are dulled by ignorance.

Concluding his observations on the Russian and Galician campaigns the Professor again reverts to the influences of topography as a controlling factor: "Even when German intrigue had successfully employed as its tools the shameless traitors and ignorant dreamers of Russia in a campaign of demoralization which wrecked the fighting power of the great Russian armies, the influence of topography still manifested itself in the south, and we find the fleeing troops first making an effective stand behind the trench of the Zbrucz river on the border between Russia and Galicia."

The volume of Professor Johnson was sent to press, evidently, about September 1, 1917. At that time the *debacle* of the Italian offensive Trieste-wards had not occurred, but the chapter on the Italian campaign is not only highly instructive as to possibilities and obstacles, but is almost prophetic of occurrences which ensued.

In the campaigns for *Italia Irredenta*, the fronts involved have been those of the Trentino and the Isonzo. On the Trentino front the Italians were taken by surprise. They had not believed that the Austrians could accumulate the mass of troops with which they made the attack. But the topography was such that ultimately the Austrian movement failed. "Frontal assaults against mountain peaks and ridges stubbornly defended by the agile Alpini took a terrible toll in killed and wounded; lines of supply were lengthening, and food, water and munitions had to be brought farther and farther over wild mountain trails; at the end of a month the accumulated surplus of men and munitions had been consumed in driving the Italian army back through a comparatively few miles of the rugged Alps; there

(Continued on page 885)

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"Madame Sand"

By Silas Bent

NAMES to conjure with appear on the playbill of "Madame Sand," in which Minnie Maddern Fiske is appearing at the New York Criterion theatre—the names of de Musset and Heine and Chopin and Liszt; but after all it is Mrs. Fiske who does the conjuring. Her conception of the fascinating and inconstant Frenchwoman, not as a lubricious eccentric, but as one whose eyes always were full of star-dust, is more fascinating, I verily believe, than George Sand could have been in the flesh.

It is a conception, let it be said at the outset, which goes contrary to the verdict of history. Even so penetrating a critic as James Huneker, who de-

votes an essay in "Unicorns" (Scribner's, N. Y.) to the famous Frenchwoman, speaks of her as a "maternal nymphomaniac." The maternal aspect of her frequent loves is, indeed, so obvious as to have been remarked by all her biographers, nor does Mrs. Fiske deny it. What she does deny is that Madame Sand was another Great Catherine. For this accepted belief Madame Sand herself was largely responsible, for she recounted with gusto the illicit adventures of her family. She dwelt often on the fact that she was born but a month after her father and mother had married, and that one of her forebears was the illegitimate son of a king. Undoubtedly she thought parental unchasteness likely to repeat itself in the child, but that is a theory nowadays much discredited, and not one can quarrel with Mrs. Fiske if she chooses to ignore it as an explanation of George's conduct. She goes even farther than that. She presents *Madame Sand*, not as a nymphomaniac, but as one who, "seeking that perfect face beyond the world," approaches earthly semblances and finds only shadows. She invests each new *liaison* with the glamour, the bloom, the intoxication of a school-girl romance.

Mr. Philip Moeller calls "*Madame Sand*" a "biographical comedy." Certainly it is not a play. It is made up of three amorous episodes in the life of the Frenchwoman, loosely knit together, during which she seduces *Alfred de Musset* into a trip to Venice, abandons him there for a physician who is treating him, and then turns over the doctor to a former mistress, while she subjugates *Chopin*. Thus it was written by Mr. Moeller, who seems to have sensed comic possibilities in the mere chameleon quality of the novelist's affections; but it is not thus presented by Mrs. Fiske.

The first act takes place in *Madame Sand's* apartment in the *Quartier*, Paris, at the beginning of her association with *de Musset*, and introduces him, *Heine* and *Buloz*, her publisher. It is during this act that she vanquishes with drink-money *Dudevant*, her worthless and faithless husband, and persuades *de Musset's* mother that she (*Madame Sand*) rightfully possesses the son.

"I will be to him," she assures *Madame de Musset*, with that quick-lifted flirt of the hand familiar to her admirers, "both a mistress and a mother—a unique combination!"

After the mother has gone, while the maid is preparing dinner, and *de Musset* and *Madame Sand* are embracing in their joy at deliverance from the maternal dragon, *Heine* asks impatiently: "When will it be finished?"

"What—the kiss?" says *Buloz* with a shrug.

"No, the omelette," says *Heine*, whose mind centers oftener on his stomach than on strophes.

But even in that long kiss Mrs. Fiske is a *Juliet*, not a *Zaza*.

The next scene is in *Madame Sand's* apartment in Venice. *De Musset* has drunk himself to the verge of delirium and she is in process of falling in love with *Dr. Giuseppe Pagello*. The tempestuous entrance of the doctor's mistress, *Violente*, affords a touch at once of the melodramatic and the comic in this act; for during *Violente's* jealous tirade, *Madame Sand* cannot resist the temptation to take notes for her next novel. To this most prolific of writers every experience is fictional material. She takes notes on her fan, when paper is not at hand. She interrupts a meal to take notes.

Alfred's brother, *Paul*, worried at not hearing from him, arrives during the act; and after *Madame Sand* has bidden them a curt farewell, to depart with her new lover, *Alfred* confides that he is glad to see her go, in spite of the fact that she has nursed him with devoted unselfishness.

"She's like a noisy old clock that won't stop ticking," he complains. "She writes as a cow gives milk—she has only to jerk at her mind."

By attributing this attitude to *de Musset*, Moeller increases the humorous possibilities of the situation,

however much he may traverse the facts set forth in Paul de Musset's biography of his brother and in Alfred's letters. Both of them would have us think Alfred was heart-broken at Madame Sand's unceremonious *congé*. "Je m'abandonnai à la douleur en désespéré," Alfred wrote, soon after his return to Paris. But if Mr. Moeller has twisted his facts for the purpose of comedy, none need be offended thereby. It is difficult to believe that a man of Alfred de Musset's known infidelities was long heart-broken over any woman.

The third act takes place during a reception at the Baron de Rothschild's home in Paris. *Madame Sand*, the swift bloom brushed from her romance with the student of gallstones, has sent his mistress money to come after him, and, when *Violente* has reclaimed him, announces that she has done with love.

"My sad heart," she tells *Heine*, "is a grave," and Moeller puts into the poet's mouth a paraphrase of Saint-Beuve's celebrated retort: "Say, rather, a cemetery!"

But it is not in the nature of Madame Sand's heart long to remain heavy; and in a few minutes, while *Liszt*, at the piano in an adjoining room, is entertaining the guests, *Chopin*, already in the early stages of that disease which was to cause his death, arouses the instinct, strong within her, to mother some man—and to love. So that presently they go out together, and she leaves a note for *Buloz*:—"I'm going to take the poor boy home and put him to bed."

Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler produced "*Madame Sand*" under the direction of Arthur Hopkins. The stage settings throughout are pleasing. In the last act Mrs. Fiske wears the fashionable French costume of the eighteen-fifties, which reveals her lovely and surprisingly youthful shoulders. In the second act she wears, with assurance, a jacket and trousers, and she smokes what her press agent swears are real cigars. The costumer and the wigmaker have done all that could be asked to make Ferdinand Gottschalk look the part of *Heinrich Heine*, Owen Meech the part of *Franz Liszt* and Alfred Cross of *Frederick Chopin*. Jose Ruben, who plays *Alfred de Musset*, seems to me quite the most capable of the large and well-trained company Mrs. Fiske has gathered about her. All the other players are in reality but satellites. Mrs. Fiske's distinguished personality dominates the stage, and it is her acting that converts Mr. Moeller's somewhat poorly conceived effort into the most stimulating offering seen in New York this season.

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Crumbs of Conservation

By Harry B. Kennon

WHEN food-saving as an imperative world-movement struck Lake Crescent it struck hard, as does every new movement in our college suburb, run so largely by women. Certain jokers have said that our pretty town is hagridden, but joke-founders were never too gallant when hammering feminine intensity into shape. Lake Crescent, moreover, takes herself too seriously to analyze jocularities; she holds up her head proudly as the Athens of our middle west, certain well-known writers and lecturers having so referred to her without humorous intent. And good things have come out of our academic grove, for which women are mainly responsible—the majority of our men, aside from the faculty of Lake Crescent College, using the place as a sleeping-berth in their journey between to-day's city business care and tomorrow's.

Were our suburbans academicians only, our society would be deadly indeed, for deferred-to learning and dullness are no strangers. But there are always the young professors in whom spontaneity is not strangled; the chipper co-eds whose youth rebels against mental and moral constriction; the benighted trades-people who give real life to the

place without worrying about the collegians in any way but to serve them; and the numerous wealthy, who make their home in beautiful Lake Crescent because of its academic atmosphere and, almost invariably, exercise civic support by sending their sons and daughters away to fashionable eastern colleges and finishing schools. Between these last and the college people proper yawns a curiously contemptuous abyss of fawning, for both town and gown have much to give—and get. Amenities between the college governors and Henry Dives, for example, are complexities for gods to untangle, when considering ethics and education. For Lake Crescent is not singular among democratic communities in possessing her local autocrat, her patron of everything going, her glittering success who lives richly and largely, whose light no bushel can hide. Henry Dives is Lake Crescent's sparkler; his wife, Fanny, certainly no bushel.

Then there is Fanny Dives' old schoolmate, Martha Lazarus.

Alertness aside, the wife of John Lazarus, occupant of our chair of economics, presents nothing out of the ordinary, but alertness in twentieth century women is so general that the professor's wife suffers no notoriety from possessing the quality. Lake Crescent, however, like all gossip college centers, delights to label. To do the thing neatly is considered evidence of cultivation in a circle where culture is never permitted to fall below par. So when Mrs. Physics Professor said that Martha Lazarus began to look worn but not frayed, she about hit it off. She might have said the same of John Lazarus. Indeed, the older members of our faculty and their wives have a worn look in common, and some sadly frayed; but high thinking begets a blessed blindness to one's own peculiar condition, even though one be wife of a professor of physics. . . .

"Any letters?" asked Mrs. Lazarus, coming briskly into the family living-room.

"Nothing from Jack," answered her husband, his eyes on the photograph of a stalwart young chap in uniform.

The eyes of Mrs. Lazarus rested on the photograph too. "Jack never was much of a hand for writing," she soothingly said. "Don't worry."

"I am not worrying, my dear, only—"

"I know—but—don't." And then Mrs. Lazarus brightly changed the subject. "I ran across such a funny item in this morning's paper," she said. "About the war, too—everything's about the war. Fanny Dives has been appointed food-regulation visitor for our district. Accepted, of course. If her impertinence brings her into this house talking food conservation, I shall turn her over to you."

"Why?" asked Lazarus, glancing up from sorting a sheaf of yet-to-be-corrected examination papers.

"Because you and Fanny have such practical ideas of household economy," answered the economist's wife. "Nothing smaller than the universe interests you. Fanny talking any sort of conservation is a joke. You both need a market course. I've just been through my day's test and my hair's standing on end yet at the prices. So if Fanny calls, don't let her come near me. I am in my insulting mood."

"You couldn't insult Mrs. Dives in your own house if you tried, Martha."

"Our house is rented, worse luck! Insulting Fanny isn't easy—but I might."

John Lazarus met this with the patient smile born of class-rooms. "She is sure to call, as head of the movement for our campus district," he replied. "Just sign her food regulation card pleasantly, and let it go at that. You believe in the necessity for food conservation. We all do. Don't antagonize one of your old friends."

"Old friends? I—don't—know. One finds time for old friends. Fanny is so upper-crust now that she only remembers me officiously."

"Officially, my dear."

"I said 'officiously,' John Lazarus, and I meant it. It is the fad now for women to be doing things—any old thing to be doing in public, Fanny Dives

is always pushing some measure she knows nothing about."

"Is she alone in that?" asked Lazarus mildly.

"She is bitten by the do-less woman's tarantula," was the scoffing reply.

"I am sure Mrs. Dives means well, my dear."

"There's such a thing as doing mischief by meaning well, in too many different directions, Professor Lazarus."

When his wife addressed him by his title, Lazarus knew her to be fairly upset. What he said did not help much. Now he remarked: "Lack of focus isn't confined to Mrs. Div—to women, Martha."

"Most of us have too much focus—if that's what you call it. If Fanny hadn't so much time on her hands full of money, she'd have less."

"Money?" quizzed Lazarus.

"You know what I mean. If I don't focus on lunch pretty soon, you and the boys will go hungry."

"We never have gone hungry, my dear."

"Oh, you!" retorted Mrs. Lazarus. "You eat anything put before you, with sauce of abstraction. Sometimes I'm thankful for that—sometimes infuriated. I never expect to fill the boys up—they're different."

The eyes of John Lazarus turned towards his son's photograph again. "There's one less to plan for, now Jack is away," he said.

"My dear, my dear," quickly interposed Mrs. Lazarus to change her husband's wistful longing. "I am not complaining. . . . There'll be a letter soon. . . . I storm sometimes."

"Storms clear the air, Martha."

"Air won't feed you and our other two boys, will it?"

"We're not exactly orchids," responded Lazarus with his little bark of a laugh.

"Annecondas!" exclaimed his wife. And then she whimsically reverted to Mrs. Dives with: "Oh, well! I suppose Fanny can't help being luxurious, with all that money she married. Maybe it's her duty to spend right and left."

"An interesting question," commented the economist, "always debatable."

"We won't go up into the blue discussing it, with lunch to get. Besides, I am telling you how to handle Fanny Dives. She likes you. All the women do."

"My dear!" expostulated Lazarus, "I see very few women. Except for the girls in my class—"

"God help the poor, half-baked things! Look at those horrible examination papers you despise to waste time on. Economics! Do you believe your lectures and 'exams' are going to help the girls run their homes?"

"I won't be there to see," evaded Lazarus.

"But you'll be here to see Fanny if she calls. That's settled."

"Time is too precious," laughed the professor.

"Not if you begin talking first, John, and talk fast. Mount your old economy hobby, and charge. Nobody can stand that long. Fanny can't. There's the bell now. You answer it. I am out—dead—anything until after lunch. Lie like a gentleman."

"Suppose it should be Mrs. Dives?"

"You have my instructions," answered Mrs. Lazarus, her finger on the electric button that released the front door latch.

"Which I absolutely decline to follow," said Lazarus.

"All right. Send her out to my kitchen then."

"The kitchen?"

"That's what I said—the kitchen."

Lazarus stood near the window. "It is Mrs. Dives," he said. "I recognize her limousine and livery. Her second man rang our bell; he has gone out to let your friend know you are in."

"Well, you know what to do," said Mrs. Lazarus, retreating to the dining-room.

"My dear—" appealed the economist helplessly.

But the opening of the front door claimed his attention.

Mrs. Dives, portly, but not too portly; blonde;

ten of her forty-five years massaged into hiding, and draped in sables, greeted Lazarus with expansive affability. "Such a treat to catch you in," she said with a little fat sigh. "So, so much to do these times, Professor, that old friends hardly ever see one another. I am on our Food Conservation Committee, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Lazarus.

"Is Martha at home?"

"Mrs. Lazarus is engaged at present. Won't I—"

"Indeed not. This is woman's work. Mat won't mind being disturbed."

"Mrs. Lazarus is preparing our lunch," replied the professor. "I'll call her."

"Not for worlds, Professor. Dear old Mat won't mind my going out to her kitchen. Dear, dear me!" gurgled Mrs. Dives. "Going in and out of kitchens is my work these terrible war days. Such waste, Professor! Such awful waste!"

The economist looked down upon the sufferer from waste with a smile behind his glasses. "Nothing is ever really destroyed," he comforted, courteously offering his escort to the kitchen.

"Really no, Professor," protested Mrs. Dives. "I know the way. These tiny faculty houses are all built alike, you know."

Lazarus laughed amiably. "Why, of course," he agreed. "I forgot for the moment your having been born in a tiny faculty house just like this."

Mrs. Dives gave her tall, bent-shouldered host a sharp, swift glance as she passed out into the dining-room. Then Lazarus, still smiling, gathered up his desolating examination papers and fled to his den on the upper floor.

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"Why Fanny!" exclaimed Mrs. Lazarus, as her kitchen was invaded. "Is it really you?"

"In the flesh, Mat—rather more than I like."

The women kissed as women mysteriously do, regardless of degrees of loving kindness, Mrs. Lazarus drawing back with uplifted hands and the words: "I do hope I've sprinkled no meal on your lovely coat."

"What are you making?" asked Mrs. Dives, intent upon her mission.

"Corn-meal sticks. There'll be some out of the oven presently. They're not bad."

"But Mat, this is no wheatless day."

"Nor a meatless, Fanny. It's our day for a lunch of corn-sticks and broiled tomatoes, though."

"You haven't turned vegetarian, have you?"

"With those empty boys of mine to fill up?" laughed Mrs. Lazarus.

Mrs. Dives heaved a short-breathed sigh, and said, "You must miss Jack dreadfully."

"I do," said Jack's mother.

"We shall all have to save to feed Jack and our other dear boys over there," proceeded the conservationist, her voice falling to a bleat with the words "over there."

Mrs. Lazarus paused in pouring a fresh batch of meal-sticks into their iron molds. "I haven't the least fear the government will let our boys go hungry, either here or over there," she said. "Jack will rustle for his share. I am not worrying for him on that score."

"But think—think of the deprivations to boys bred to our Lake Crescent standard!"

"It won't hurt our Lake Crescent boys to take pot-luck with the rest. Fanny, do you realize that in some ways this war is the best thing that ever happened to them?"

"So Henry says. But we must avoid waste, Mat—all of us."

"Indeed we must," agreed Mrs. Lazarus, blind to the food regulation card in her guest's hand. "Waste is wicked—war or no war. But you can't waste what you haven't got, can you? And that's what's the matter with most folks, come to think of it. Why, I've been conserving food and about everything else for years. It takes some scheming to run a house decently on the allowance out of a

scholar's small pay. I've had five to scheme for, you see, and continuous scheming isn't the most refining thing for a woman, as I see it. It warps manners. And clothes! I used to be able to graft a new gown out of the house-money now and then. Gone are the days!" . . . The housekeeper bent to the oven-door, opened it, and said over her shoulder: "Economics don't pan out like steel, Fanny. Wish they did. If my husband's brains brought as much in the market as your Henry's, I'd save heaps."

Mrs. Dives threw open her heavy fur coat as the oven-door snapped to. "My dear," she protested, "we are all thinking of saving and nothing else. Henry thought it our duty to give up our box at the opera this season. It was the right thing to do, of course; but it's horribly cramped down there in the parquette—and nobody near that you care to know, absolutely nobody." The lady's plump hand went up to her plump throat. "When it comes to seeing the house," she concluded, "it breaks my neck."

"Awful," condoled Mrs. Lazarus. "But did you ever try the third balcony? That's the place for hearing. I am just a selfish beast when it comes to music—rather stay at home than not hear."

"But Mat, we mustn't think of just ourselves now, of all times."

"Try one of my corn-sticks," invited Mrs. Lazarus, lifting the fragrant brown bread from the oven. "Wait! This clean tea-towel—a plate—some butter. The boys like them hot—say they're 'lickin' good.' But maybe you don't like corn-meal."

"This is delicious," said Mrs. Dives with enthusiasm. "How you must love to cook such good things."

"I do not," replied the cook emphatically. "I hate cooking. Tell you the truth, Fanny, I still love everything easy and joyous we fooled with as girls. You married steel and I married economics, so cooking's part of my job. I do it. But neither angels nor archangels are going to make me say I love it—and I loathe washing dishes."

"Dear old Mat," tactfully commiserated Mrs. Dives, "I have always thought you so happy, so contented."

"Don't change your mind. I am not discontented. It makes me happy to see my old economics and my boys thriving on what I give them. They have to fight too in their way, and I have to keep them fit. Talk about your wheatless and meatless days! Why, we have averaged more than two such in this house every week—and never a day without both wheat and meat for some meal."

Stirred from center to circumference by such rebellion, Mrs. Dives declared her friend's statement flat contradiction.

"Flat fiddlesticks!" was the reply. "I've had to do it to make ends meet—and it doesn't come any easier, thank you. There are all sorts of ways of skinning a cat. Did you ever substitute broiled tomatoes on toast, mock rare-bit, egg plant or cabbage *soufflé* for dinner meat when fish was out of the question and poultry was out of sight? We do, and they agree with us. There are other deceptions—rice, macaroni, turnips, God's blessed potatoes; plenty of things. I serve them so often that I feel no traitor when I give John Lazarus his breakfast bacon and the boys beef to keep them going. And corn-meal! Corn-meal isn't cheap any longer, and conservation comes down to what your dollar will buy, after all. Have you any idea how many good things you can worry out of corn-meal? Mush," rattled along Mrs. Lazarus, "plain or fried, pones, hoe-cake, spoon-bread, drop and pan-bread, muffins, cakes, Indian pudding—and not a particle of wheat flour in any to ruin them. Have another corn-stick, do!"

Mrs. Dives declined with a puffy gasp. "You take my breath away," she said. "Will you come to the Domestic Science, Mat, and show our club-women how you do it?"

"I am a busy woman, Fanny—no time for clubs."

"But every woman, Mat—"

"Every woman, according to her spare hours,

money and strength. My job's rather wearing at times. I conserve my strength—have to."

"You owe that to yourself, and more. There's culture—"

"Oh, I manage to find time for uplift stuff without running after every little lion our Lake Crescent women export to deliver pre-digested brain food. My windows aren't all shut."

Mrs. Dives let that pass in the obsession of a fresh idea. "Mat," she asked, "will you teach my *chef* how to cook corn-meal if I send him to you?"

An odd twinkle came into Martha's gray eyes. "I could never stand his foreign politeness," she said. "I'll teach you if you like."

"I never could learn to cook, Mat."

"Don't say that to anybody else, Fanny—they'll think you dangerous."

"Dangerous!"

"There's nothing so dangerous as stupidity—even high-brows can learn to cook. Maybe you will have to do worse before this war is over and done with—maybe do without servants altogether as so many of our mothers did. Better learn while you can and keep the home fires burning under the kettles. Some of us women have got to do it."

Not so interested in home fires as suffrage, Mrs. Dives retorted: "Our mothers knew nothing but housekeeping. They were slaves."

"Pretty masterful slaves some of them, and tough—neither thick-skinned nor flabby. Mine gave me what backbone I have."

"Backbone needn't make you so ridiculously old-fashioned in your ideas, Mat. We can't be like our mothers. Times are different."

"Times! What do you and I know of the times? What does anybody? We're all babes in the womb of such times as the world never dreamt of."

Mrs. Dives laughed rather uncomfortably. "You do say such things," she said—"never like anybody else."

"Oh, I am just plain mud like the rest, Fanny, but I try to be a free woman who knows what she is doing when she casts her vote."

Fanny Dives pounced, her regulation card rampant. "Are you going to be so self-centered and unpatriotic as to vote against food conservation, Martha Lazarus?"

"Dear sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Lazarus. "I thought you came just to call."

"I did—and to get your signature."

Mrs. Lazarus appeared distressed. "Too bad," she said, "too bad."

"What is too bad?" asked Mrs. Dives sharply.

"The time we have wasted, Fanny—the precious time."

"Wasted!"

"Why, yes," explained Martha Lazarus. "As soon as I heard of the movement—oh, days ago, Fanny!—I went to headquarters and filled out my pledge. I may slip up on the letter now and then, but if there's a woman in Lake Crescent conserving more in spirit than I have to, the Lord help her! Oh, sit down again! Have your visit out."

❖

Looking over the baluster, Professor Lazarus saw Mrs. Dives bidding his wife good-bye. No parting could have been friendlier or more chatty. Wondering at the ways of women, he waited the departure of the visitor and then came on down the steps. John Lazarus came down those same steps at that exact time every day.

"Lunch will be late," announced his wife. "I can't cook and talk conservation at the same time, not to Fanny Dives—Good gracious!"

Her two strapping, half-grown boys came banging in.

"Dinner ready, ma?" shouted Fred.

"Gee, but I'm hungry!" echoed Tom.

Martha Lazarus laughed at the perplexed frown on the face of her patient economist. "Who is to regulate that?" she asked.

Tom, the older boy, looked mischievously at his father. "Say, pop!" he snickered, "what'll you gimme for what I got?"

"I'm halvers," broke in Fred, "I tackled the post-man."

Lazarus held out his hand for Jack's letter, his face beaming.

"Tickets for the foot-ball game for both of you," promised the mother.

And lunch?

Lunch waited.

♦♦♦♦

Recessional

IN TIME OF WAR

MEDICAL UNIT —

By Edgar Lee Masters

(Copyright, 1917, by Edgar Lee Masters)

EVEN as I see, and share with you in seeing,
The altar flame of your love's sacrifice;
And even as I bear before the hour the vision,
Your little hands in hospital and prison
Laid upon broken bodies, dying eyes,
So do I suffer for splendor of your being
Which leads you from me, and in separation
Lays on my breast the pain of memory.
Over your hands I bend
In silent adoration,
Dumb for a fear of sorrow without end,
Asking for consolation
Out of the sacrament of our separation,
And for some faithful word acceptable and true,
That I may know and keep the mystery:
That in this separation I go forth with you
And you to the world's end remain with me.

* * * * *

How may I justify the hope that rises
That I am giving you to a world of pain,
And am a part of your love's sacrifices?
Is it so little if I see you not again?
You will croon soldier lads to sleep,
Even to the last sleep of all.
But in this absence, as your love will keep
Your breast for me for comfort, if I fall,
So I, though far away, shall kneel by you
If the last hour approaches, to bedew
Your lips that from their infant wondering
Lisped of a heaven lost.
I shall kiss down your eyes, and count the cost
As mine, who gave you, by the tragic giving.
Go forth with spirit to death, and to the living
Bearing a solace in death.
God has breathed on you His transfiguring breath,—
You are transfigured
Before me, and I bow my head.
I leave you in the light that lights your way
And shadows me. Even now the hour is sped,
And the hour we must obey—
Look you, I will go pray!

♦♦♦♦

The Old Bookman

CONFESSIONS OF LEARNED IGNORANCE

By Horace Flack

XL. "GRACE ABOUNDING FOR THE CHIEF OF SINNERS"

IF I were to trust Schopenhauer, I might suppose that the worst man on earth was an intellectual "reptile," teaching philosophy on a subsidy and having his books printed and forced on the public to promote the unspeakable purposes of the men who pay the subsidy. But I do not trust Schopenhauer in the least. He is a Pessimist. I am not. I stop with the Fifth chapter of Genesis. He made his reputation by undertaking to demonstrate that the world of the Book of Genesis, fit at the beginning of the fifth chapter only for lost and fallen Man, is either the worst possible place in the Universe already or is bound to become so as its population increases. The only exception is to be a few philosophers,—who are not thought worth subsidizing.

I am by nature and profession an unphilosophical optimist. Regardless of philosophers and higher critics, I know that this world is not the worst pos-

sible place to get into. We can get out of it. We never can get out of the worst possible place, if we get into it, and by that token we will know it. It will be the only place left in the universe that we are fit for or that is fit for us.

This is the opinion of John Bunyan. It is his discovery, not mine. After making it, he wrote "Grace Abounding for the Chief of Sinners." I am writing about Bunyan, not about Schopenhauer;—not about German pessimism but spirited English. Bunyan supposed that he himself was the chief of sinners, and I suppose he was altogether mistaken about that, as about some other things. But what he knew, he knew. In "Grace Abounding for the Chief of Sinners" (Morley's Pocket Edition, price 10 cents) he explains how and why he came to spend twelve years in Bedford jail. The first reason is that he considered himself fit, without "grace abounding," only for the worst place in the Universe,—a worse place than England under the second Charles Stuart. The second reason is that when he had made up his mind to tell the worst people in the worst places in England how to escape the only place where they could be worse and "worse off," he was told that, as he knew no Greek, he must stay in jail until he made up his mind to stop speaking in English. He answered: "I dare not but exercise that gift which God hath given me for the good of the people." After twelve years in jail he was of the same mind, and before he was liberated, he had written the books which as long as the English language lasts, will be models of the most spirited English.

Anyone who learns from them to write spirited English need not know Greek, or Latin, or anything more than a "common tinker" can easily learn. He need not be sensational, as Schopenhauer knows how to be, or intellectual as he tries to be, but if he is spirited he will move the souls of all who have ears to hear him; and if he has a spirit as strong as John Bunyan's, he will have greater power on earth, finally, than all who have ever claimed divine right or any right of superiority to control it. As for Schopenhauer, who concluded finally that the earth never was, and that it never will be, worth controlling at the expense of the loss of a night's sleep to any rational man, he also is spirited. I do not say where his spirits came from, but perhaps he is never so spirited as after becoming a confirmed insomniac. When he is in his worst spirits and writing his worst about those I like least, I thank him, because I feel that I do not need to try to add another word. Then the extent of my grateful appreciation measures by Bunyan's rule the extent of my need of "grace abounding."

I know I am never nearly more diabolical than when I am enjoying Schopenhauer,—unless I am enjoying Heine. But I can escape even from Heine's spirit, when it is stronger than Apollon's. I can be satisfied, as Heine would have been, with very little,—only a small cottage, on a hill, with a clear stream running below, and a few noble trees in front, so placed as not to shut off the view of the splendors of sunrise and sunset. But I do not wish to have my enemies suspended by the neck from the lower limbs of those noble trees. I would rather forgive them than keep company with them, dead or alive,—especially dead. Thank heaven, I am learning to forgive all my enemies. And though, according to the "desperate saying" of Cosmus, Duke of Florence, "we are nowhere commanded to forgive our friends," I have already done it. I would like nothing better in this world than to meet them all once more under those same noble trees, if I ever get them. If not, I hope the unphilosophical best for them as fully as for myself. I have lately read something worthy of immortal memory. And it was in a newspaper. When his teacher asked the smallest boy what he thought of "Pilgrim's Progress," he covered the ground completely by saying: "He had a hard time of it, but he got by." So I am sure Bunyan did. So may we all,—even Schopenhauer, and especially Heine.

An American Philosophy

By Robert T. Hutcheon

For the most part American philosophers have gone to school to the philosophers of Europe. Kant and Hegel, Fechner and Wandt, Green and Caird, Mill and Spencer, Renouvier and Bergson have been the main sources of our stream of philosophic thought. But with William James and John Dewey a more distinctively American type of philosophizing has been evolved. It is not exclusively American, for Professor Schiller of Oxford is as militant an advocate of Pragmatism as any. But it is mainly American and reflects to a considerable degree the American attitude of freedom from formality, of concern with things immediately at hand, and determination to see things as they are and not through the spectacles of men who have long been dead.

The latest manifesto of American Pragmatism is "Creative Intelligence" (Henry Holt & Company) by John Dewey and seven other representatives of this type of thinking. The very themes of the different essays show that for these writers Pragmatism is not a body of philosophical doctrines but an attitude of mind or a way of approach to subjects that are not necessarily philosophical. Philosophy, for them, is not a thing apart, but has relations of an intimate nature with logic, mathematics, physical science, psychology, ethics, economics, aesthetics and religion. To each one of these departments of study an essay is devoted with a view to showing how the creative intelligence of the courageously inventive individual has evolved these intellectual systems and artistic and religious symbols in its pursuit of its practical and ideal interests.

It is not easy to convey in a few words the significance of a pragmatic attitude for thought and life. But what it is driving at may be seen negatively, by recalling other attitudes and philosophies which it opposes.

It is essentially a reaction against a romantic and absolutist type of idealism. Even the critical idealist has to acknowledge the excesses of speculative idealism and its evil effects upon those who come under its sway. It has lent itself to orthodoxies of all kinds. It has declared that all institutions and all beliefs are alike a manifestation of a spiritual principle. Such a declaration sounds large and liberal, but it can be used for very questionable purposes. It may blunt the edge of the distinction between right and wrong; it may destroy intellectual and moral sincerity; it may keep the dead hand of the past lying heavy on the present and future; and it may blind men to the necessity of a continuous criticism of their mental habits. In a word, even so noble a thing as idealism may be used to reactionary ends.

In opposition to this type of thinking, Pragmatism is just a plain, human, rationalistic way of looking at life and its problems. It has the directness of the average American intent on successful action. It interprets thinking as an instrument for the better handling of the future. It has no use for the big mouth-filling words such as revelation, intuition, mysticism, etc., but regards the intellectual life as a sort of Yankee in-

ventiveness designed to further the fundamental interests. In describing these interests the biological rather than the romantic point of view is uppermost in the pragmatist's mind. He calls a spade a spade and refuses to take shelter behind misty verbiage or in any sublime verities. He takes the capital letters off all the big philosophical words and makes them run the gauntlet of practical serviceableness in a human experience which is always very much more than a cognitive affair. He is no orator as a Caird or a Bosanquet or a Bergson is, but a plain, blunt man who lives in a changing world, is always confronted by a perplexing future, needs all his wits about him to meet that future successfully and refuses to waste his energies in romantic, moonshiny, idealistic speculations.

What Pragmatism is may be seen again from its opposition to what we may call German specialism. What a mighty power German specialism had become is known to us all by this time and we have come to think of that specialism as a curse rather than a blessing.

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Specialism is learning divorced from a social purpose, such a mastery of details as kills the spirit and divorces thinking from large and generous aims.

Against such a specialism Pragmatism wages unceasing warfare. It is always intent on human values. The philosopher's business, as the Pragmatist defines it, is not so much to perpetuate a knowledge of ancient systems of thought but to bring his thought to bear on the vital problems of national life. Philosophy is not confined to registration of the past but is an experimental effort concerned with the future.

This most recent manifesto of American Pragmatism may be defined, also, over against Neo-Realism likewise largely an American product though it finds strong leadership in the English Bertrand Russell. "Creative Intelli-

gence" is an answer to "The New Realism" by six American philosophers. The differences between the two movements are too technical to be discussed here. But at least it may be said that while Neo-Realism is affiliated with mathematics and deduction and the Platonic doctrine of universals, Pragmatism is affiliated rather with biology, induction and the concrete and psychical in human experience.

From the point of view of effective propaganda, the new American philosophy is not gifted with the quality of style. With the exception of Professor Kallen, none of the writers has the pen of an easy and interesting writer. James made philosophy a pursuit for the mere literary man. Schiller's formal logic makes the driest subject not only luminous, but humorous as well. But our

present writers seem to scorn immediate intelligibility. They have not learned the pragmatic value of an untechnical style. It would be false to say that they are dull, to the trained reader at least; but they have no mercy for the busy man. They seldom condescend to shake up his jaded wits by a flashing phrase or a bit of witticism. It may be a weakness to desire these things but it is a weakness to which many of us have to plead guilty.

But more serious than the lack of style is the lack of a large atmosphere. One who has been trained in the more romantic philosophies and literatures finds the pragmatist's world pretty bare and matter-of-fact. He may agree with most of the pragmatist's criticisms against idealism and appreciate his insistence on the humanistic meaning of truth. But he cannot resist the feeling that these criticisms are fatal only to the excesses of idealism. The present reviewer has been reading "Creative Intelligence" along with the Gifford Lectures of Prof. A. Seth Pringle-Pattison on "The Idea of God" and confesses that he finds in the critical, common-sense idealism of the latter book a larger outlook, a deeper appreciation of the great thoughts of the past and a much more inspirational world-view. The Pragmatism of James had many of these values, but his successors seem to be content to live in a more prosaic world. They aim at making impossible the excesses of speculation but they might also dry up the very sources of art and religion.

♦♦♦

Mars' Chess Board

(Continued from page 880)

was no reserve force to push them on to the plain beyond. Now was Cadorna's opportunity. With a hastily gathered new army he fell upon the exhausted Austrians toward the middle of June and slowly beat them back over the rough country through which they had just come. The Austrian invasion was turned into an Austrian retreat. One hundred thousand much-needed men and countless stores of munitions of war had been wasted in a vain effort to break through the mountain barrier to the fair plain of northern Italy."

On the Isonzo front the Italians had the initiative. They set out to conquer a most formidable terrain. A most convincing map gives the topography of the situation. The task essayed is graphically described: "Such was the formidable terrain which the Italian armies set out to conquer. Once over the lower course of the Isonzo, with Monfalcone and Gradisca securely in their hands, they attacked the wall of the plateau all around its western extremity. Day after day, week after week, they burrowed up the barren slopes, driving deep trenches in the solid rock farther and farther towards the crest, boring great tunnels hundreds of yards in length which should ultimately open within a few yards of the Austrian main defenses. Spade and intrenching tool were useless here, and the miner's pick, drill, sledge-hammer and dynamite were called into play. Sandbags, brought up from the plain below, were built into breastworks which afforded the workers some protection

from the deadly flying splinters of rock dislodged by the enemy's constant artillery bombardment."

The objective was Trieste. But such is the topography that at the end of two years, the picture drawn is, "The wild upland surfaces of Bainsizza and the Carso were slowly being conquered by the relentless advance of Cadorna's men, and the Austrians were losing their grip on the strategically important Chiapovano valley separating the Bainsizza and Tervovano plateaus and connecting the Austrian front with the railway in the rear. Incredible deeds had been accomplished by Italian arms, but more than two years of almost superhuman effort had not served to open the rocky gateway of Trieste."

Mark the prophetic warning! "Should the Italian offensive fail, and Austrian troops invade Italy, the advance would probably come from the Trentino on the north or from Gorizia on the east. From the base of the mountains to the margin of the lagoon belt there is no serious obstacle to troops advancing from the north. Armies moving from the east, on the other hand, would have to cross one after another of the parallel rivers which flow down the slope of the plain. These successive defensive lines would be utilized by the Italians to retard an Austrian advance, and should cause invading armies serious embarrassment. Some of the rivers, particularly the Tagliamento and the Piave, have an extraordinary braided pattern, the interlacing network of channels being crossed by good roads only at infrequent intervals. On the banks of both these streams important military actions have occurred in the past, and in this respect history will repeat itself if during the war the Teutonic allies prove able to prosecute an extended invasion of Italy from the east." That the counterstroke was quite appalling need not now be commented upon.

Do we not find in the Italian campaign a suggestion of Vienna as an objective in a grand offensive to turn the Prussian western front and break the deadlock to which Professor Johnson refers? It is true that modern trench warfare together with monster siege guns of fabulous range have shattered many a military conception based upon the experience of earlier days. It may be true, also, that to-day such a campaign as Napoleon conducted for the possession of Vienna might be regarded as impracticable. But conditions preponderate everywhere in favor of the allies, and the experiment could be ventured with at least a fair prospect of success.

Possibly the plan of frontal attack will yet prevail to the discomfiture of Von Hindenburg, but it seems to be doubtful. Trench warfare is simply a matter of movements against field fortifications, the only difference being in the nearer approach to impregnability on the part of the trenches. Rarely has a movement of frontal attack against field fortifications succeeded as was shown in the Boer war by the holocausts of the flower of British troops despite the unexampled exhibitions of their valor and is shown day after day on the western front in Europe. It seems, however, that some way must be devised to break the deadlock on the western front. Going through by the way of

Holland is now, of course, impracticable. Why not formulate a campaign with Vienna as its objective? There are obstacles (topographical obstacles), but they are not insurmountable. Italy is at present under a cloud, but Italy has not been vanquished and never will be. Even Russia may come to some kind of military life inimical to the crafty demon who now has his talons in her throat. Are a million men, or thereabouts, merely to "eat off their heads" at Salonika until the crack of doom? Turkey has been wiped off the military map. Bulgaria, if I read aright Professor Johnson's concluding chapters on campaigns in the Balkans, Serbia and Rumania, has no significance.

If the United States are to have five millions of men (Mr. Taft now says seven millions) disciplined, trained and equipped with every implement approved by the experiences of modern war, and the aviation corps are to overwhelm all opposition in the air, why cannot some genius of war launch an initiative which will tear the Prussian-Austrian-Hungarian territory apart and overwhelm their armies?

Is the suggestion merely chimerical? As I have read Professor Johnson's book, I have regretted that, as he por-

trayed the topography of the various campaigns which have occurred, the late Austrian initiative in Italy had also not taken place. Even under conditions of modern warfare would such an initiative as is suggested be impracticable? Will Professor Johnson show us that it could not succeed? Has history in vain recorded the story of the Peninsula and the prowess of the Great Duke,

*England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights
Nor ever lost an English gun?*

With the surplus forces of England and France and the multitude of American troops available, can it be possible that Vienna cannot be overwhelmed and will not such a campaign not only turn the western front, but split the empire just as Sherman split the Confederacy from Atlanta to Savannah? "Salamanca," said Wellington—the world's greatest soldier—"relieved the whole of Spain at once, changed the character of the war and was felt even to Russia. Vittoria freed the Peninsula altogether, broke up the armistice at Dresden, and so led to Leipsic and the deliverance of Europe."

We all know, now, that the Prussian scheme was and is to acquire by conquest, if necessary, territory essential

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to the establishment of an Inter-European Empire extending from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. It is a fact, possibly not appreciated as it should be, that to-day Prussia has under its domination every foot of territory essential to the accomplishment of its design. Not only is such the fact,

but all of the peoples of the vast territory involved are substantially under like domination. In other words, Prussia has in hand to-day everything needed to accomplish its original purpose. The only question is, can it be held?

Books to meet this problem, which calmly and scientifically present data

not accessible to the mass of our people, which may serve to insure a successful initiative, or provide for an impregnable defense, are not only needed, but should be multiplied. The people should be afforded material for their information and guidance. They are surfeited with "gush." The contribution of Professor Johnson to the literature of the war is timely in the light of the tremendous task which the people of the United States have undertaken. The work is clear and refreshingly free from "school-marmism" in its presentations; it opens to consideration matters of natural configuration which most of us know nothing about, and the aids in the shape of maps—the very best that I have seen—are instructive and enlightening instead of confusing, and lead one to feel almost that he has been a resident in the localities depicted, so that the volume brings to its reader grounds of explanation of many strategic conditions which otherwise would remain inexplicable.

Coming Shows

With the guarantee that always accompanies any production made by Henry W. Savage, and the names of Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse and Jerome Kern as authors, "Have a Heart" comes to the Jefferson next Sunday night for a week, with a special matinee New Year's day. The story is founded on Sardou's famous farce, "Divorçons," with its pair of newlyweds who elope for a second honeymoon on the eve of their divorce. "You said Something" is the principal song hit of the piece but there are many other catchy tunes.

♦

The Shubert-Garrick will have another picture next week—William Fox's magnificent production of "Les Misérables." After that this theatre will resume the regular dramatic and musical bookings announced for the present season. First will come "The Thirteenth Chair," the mystery play which has delighted New York for two seasons; then "Cheating Cheaters," "The Man Who Came Back," "You're in Love," "Love o' Mike" and "Oh! Boy!"

♦

On New Year's eve the Orpheum will have two shows, one at seven-thirty and the other at ten. Blossom Seeley, known to vaudeville at the "Todolo Girl" and to baseball fans as Mrs. Rube Marquard, will lead with her old time tricks; she will be assisted by her five boys, a jazz band of merit. The remainder of the bill includes George McKay and Oattie Ardine in "All for Fun;" Tom Hyner and company in "Tom Walker in Dixie;" Frederick Fradkin and Jean Tell, violinist and singer; Foster Ball in "Since the Days of '61;" the Danube quartette, famous for their ability at casting; William Ebbs, ventriloquist; and the Merles' cockatoos.

♦

The Columbia's New Year's bill is headed by "The Fascinating Flirts," a miniature musical comedy with pretty girls in gorgeous costumes. Other numbers are the Seven Bonomar Arabs, acrobats; Otto Koerner and company in a clever comedy called "Pep;" Gabby Brothers and Clark in a melange of talking, juggling and diabolo spinning; Doyle and Wright presenting "Fifty Miles from Somewhere;" the Specks in songs and dances; and the Universal weekly and comedy pictures.

♦

Thurston, the magician, is coming to the American theatre next week with a more varied and interesting pro-

gramme than ever before. Aside from his skill as a magician Thurston is a very facile entertainer and almost invariably wins the confidence of his audience. This season's bill includes the materialization of ghosts and the manifestation of spirits, and a sensational sketch called "Villa Captured."

♦

"Gay Morning Glories," a new Mark Lea production, will be the attraction at the Standard next week. On it Mr. Lea has staked his judgment, experience, ability and cash. It has speed and action; it has pretty girls, jazzy music, real laughs, glittering spectacles. On New Year's eve the first performance will be at 8:15 and the second at 10:15.

♦

Fred Irwin's "Majesties" come to the Gayety Sunday afternoon for a week. The show is new in every particular and the cast is exceptionally good. Florence Bennett is billed as leading woman; P. Cunningham, who wrote the book and lyrics and staged the production, is straight man; Eloise Matthews is prima donna; Ruth Barbour, soubrette; Lyle La Pine, Roscoe Ails, Doc Dell and George Leon, comedians; in addition there is a large and beautiful chorus which dances and sings many musical numbers.

Symphony

A special orchestral programme will be the Symphony orchestra's Christmas offering to its patrons on Friday afternoon and Saturday night. The Casella suite, "A Jean Hure," announced for an earlier concert, will have its American premiere at the Friday performance. This is a new work, played only a few times in Europe before the war. Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and Chabrier's overture "To Gwendoline" will complete the first half of the programme. The second half is entirely Wagnerian and will take the place of the usual Wagner concert of the season.

The soloist at the "Pop" concert will be Miss Elsa Diemer, soprano, a young St. Louisan who has been singing with great success in New York for the past two seasons. She will render the aria from "Aida" with full orchestral accompaniment. Orchestral numbers will be the march from "Tannhauser" by Wagner, and compositions by Delibes, Homer, Bizet and Gounod.

Lane of the West

By Margaret B. Downing

The constructive patriot is the man of the hour and the Secretary of the Interior, Franklin Knight Lane of the Pacific coast, fits snugly into this description. There have been sundry shibboleths since this nation declared war on Germany: "Win the war by buying Liberty bonds." "Win the war by conserving food." "Win the war by enlisting in the fighting corps." "Win the war by watching and reporting alien enemy acts and those of German propagandists." At the present juncture of time the loud cry is: "Win the war by housing and feeding the vast army of new clerks which the government has called to Washington" and right here steps forward that citizen of the far west, who has called Washington his home city for nearly twenty years and thus holds himself in a way responsible for her present condition of unpreparedness. Mr. Lane has seen the population of the capital grow in five months from 350,000 to a few hundreds short of 400,000, and according to the police esti-

mates, more than five thousand additional souls must be sheltered under the protection of the government before the new year. And he has seen what everyone has noted with keen anxiety, that the city fathers have accepted the situation as lethargically as they do the quadrennial crowds which foregather to see the Chief Magistrate take the oath of office. Every civic industry has been paralyzed for months, telephone and messenger service, street car transportation, not to mention those serious considerations of heating, lighting or even providing homes for this fifty thousand strong assemblage of patriots, who have arrived with the best intentions of helping Uncle Sam out.

No doubt every cabinet official has been perturbed, but Mr. Lane has set the excellent example of trying to bring order out of chaos. 'Tis sad but true that Washington has a large percentage of lofty-minded denizens who have skipped out of the class of patriots and joined the profiteers. There are those who eke out a living in normal times by renting furnished rooms. No sooner were rooms in demand than the price climbed right up until some of the landladies would make a London Boniface blush for his soft-heartedness during coronation week. Much leniency might be extended to the room renters, for these have been locust-eaten years, the past five, and the present offers a rich harvest. But what of multi-millionaires who own apartment houses and hotels and who have sent the rental of suites so far upward that the Riverside landlords in New York must feel like going out of business? As the price of rooms, houses and apartments, so has the cost of food soared upward, and of raiment and of every luxury and necessity from gasoline to soap. The street transportation companies have made not the slightest effort to provide for the fifty thousand additional patrons of their vehicles. Collecting the fare seems the main consideration and the cars are now so crowded, so irregular in schedule, so poorly equipped as to motormen, conductors and rolling stock, that the service is malodorous.

Appealing to the patriotism of householders long established in the Ten Miles Square or the District of Columbia, which according to Ben Johnson is the capital of the United States and not the City of Washington which went out of commission with the organic act of 1878, many homes have been thrown open and strangers taken in with the kindest intentions to make them comfortable if not happy. Now comes the coal crisis. Home after home is closed because the city has been in the grip of a fuel famine. Commissions are formed and the result makes for further confusion. What is the use, write hundreds of Washington residents daily to the Public Utilities Commission, to take in these homeless clerks if the street cars are so crowded they cannot get to the scene of their labors; what use to offer them an abode without fire to comfort them or the proper kind of food to enable them to bear the burden of the day? Looking at the beautiful Capital City from this angle, happy are those whose homes are far removed from the seat of government.

Mr. Lane having taken up these

queries it looks as if things might move. Taking the very horns of the dilemma, the enormous prices asked for rooms, he appointed a competent young woman, a daughter, by the way, of General Adolphus Greely, many years chief of the Signal Corps and an arctic explorer of some renown, to look into this grievance. He gives her a good salary and a Ford, and she spends the day inspecting rooms offered employees of the Interior Department, for it remains the largest division of the executive departments, despite the temporary swelling of those of the armed defense. Miss Greely notes down places where exorbitant prices are asked and in a day or two the offender receives a courteous note from Mr. Lane's secretary, pointing out how wrong it is to join the profiteers at such a serious national crisis. When clerks report lateness of arrival due to street car congestion, a protest goes from the secretary's office and they say the haughty officials dread Mr. Lane more than the whole body of commissioners put together. He was not chairman of the Interstate Commission for years without learning how to put the thumb screws where they will pain the most.

Shortly after becoming Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Lane founded what is the most successful social and co-operative club in the city, namely the Home Club, open only to clerks or officials of the Department of the Interior. While every opportunity is afforded for diversion and education, such as concerts or illustrated lectures of the vast resources of the country, Mr. Lane's principal idea was to establish a basis for the wholesale purchase of food and provisions by patronizing only such merchants as deal fairly and give a full value for money received. The member of the Home Club buys wholesome country butter by the tub and eggs by the crate from farmers in Virginia, at about one-third less than the Washington merchant sells. He keeps what he orders, or resells, at his pleasure. He gets coal, or did during normal times, by the carload and every staple by the same co-operative scheme and at a margin which means much at the present. Now to show his broad spirit, Mr. Lane permits every householder who harbours an em-

ployee of his department to enjoy the co-operative buying part of the Home Club. He has refused to lend the social features to outsiders and this seemingly meets the pleasure of those who rule according to the will of the majority, expressed at an annual meeting. And these social affairs have made official Washington open its eyes. Before the coming of Franklin Lane and his equally democratic wife, the army of government employees were tabooed in cabinet circles. Nothing incensed certain cabinet hostesses more than to have the clerks of her husband's department call on her regular receiving days. Gossip has it Mrs. Georg von Lengerke Meyer gave her footmen commands to dismiss them at the door. As this African functionary served in daylight hours as messenger before the door of the Secretary of the Navy, he was to be trusted to know mere navy clerks from the gentry. Mr. Lane spends at least one evening in the Home Club each week, mingling with the members and getting in touch with them in a more intimate way than his colleagues do with their special charges. Mrs. Lane, who is a musician of almost professional excellence, arranges concerts weekly and her artists are frequently visiting professionals and the very best of local amateur talent. There are weekly dances. The secretary does not disdain an occasional spin. He selects his partners gravely and with deference to age and dignity rather than to social precedence. All of which made Washington gasp and say that Lane was always "sort o' socialistic" and this sort of thing would not do. But it has done admirably. And now as a result of such constructive policy in the general trend of events, Mr. Lane suffers less than any of the much harassed holders of cabinet portfolios, who are crying to the Civil Service for new clerks, only to receive the reply that new clerks cannot come to Washington unless they find some place where they may live decently.

Franklin Lane is so well known and universally admired in Washington that it makes those with even superficial knowledge smile at the idea that he is among the "finds" of the ubiquitous Colonel House. Burleson, Gregory, even Houston, may owe their present emi-

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nence to ancient friendship with the Sphinx. Very likely the first two are to be credited to House, for they were all neighbors and friends in Austin, Texas. But those who should know credit Dr. Houston to McAdoo since the men are distant relatives and had long been on intimate terms. Mr. McAdoo's mother was Sarah Houston, a cousin of Dr. Houston's father, and the two boys became chummy in their childhood. But Franklin Lane hewed his own way and he owes his selection to Mr. Wilson's political acumen and because he was by far the best man for the place. Lane had made a record in Washington before Mr. Wilson was heard of in national politics. Though from the west, not a breath of scandal has ever touched his public land policies though, after the celebrated Bainger uproar, it was a popular saying that no other president would be so foolish as to take his Secretary Interior out of the west.

Though nearly twenty years ago, of Washington, both Mr. and Mrs. Lane are refreshingly of

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LOCUST AT TENTH STREET.

try. A free air as from the prairies or the vast stretches of northern forests seems to breathe in their home. Their modest domicile in the outskirts of the city is the same which they have occupied ever since coming to Washington in 1908. It is filled with California, from the exquisite water colors of renowned scenes in the Mission country, to the wonders of the Yosemite and the glories of the land of the orange and myrtle. Branches of fragrant *piño* trees are frequently tucked behind a picture or, in mild weather, fill the big hospitable fireplace. There are quaint objects made of redwood and reminders of celebrated Indian tribes of the coast, or splendid blankets or beadwork, *ollas* filled with flowers and Indian pottery acting as card receivers and umbrella stands. But best of all do Mr. and Mrs. Lane prize their row of California writers apart on a shelf of its own. Not a writer of the Pacific coast grows to fame that the Lanes do not secure the effort and if possible learn to know the author. They have every book worthy of notice written by a Californian since the gold country took on a literary complexion. Few public men are happier

at home than Franklin Lane. His wife is well-equipped to be the partner of a successful public man. She possesses all necessary social graces and plays with a master touch and on several instruments. She rejoices that she devoted herself so ardently to music that she was entirely prepared to earn a good livelihood by if that occasion offered. There are two children, young Franklin, to the anguish of his mother one of the aviators who recently took a commission under the French teachers at Fort Meyer, and a demure little daughter Nancy, who is her mother's aide in the sewing classes conducted every week for the needy of Washington City, and for the Red Cross.

❖❖❖

Mrs. Johnson—How does yo' feel dis mawnin', Joe?

Mr. Johnson—I feels bad—mighty bad—mighty bad! I wish dat Providence would have mussy on me an' take me.

Mrs. Johnson—How can you expect it to ef you won't take de doctor's medicine?—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Four Stories

By Ruth Mather

Books about bad children are for adults, but those about good ones for children themselves. The hopes we have in the young, rather than hypocrisy, make such a policy on the part of publishers and parents, maybe, inevitable. "A Son of the City" by Herman Gastrell Seely (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago) is the story of a mischievous child, and so, intended for grown-up perusal. That "boys will be boys" even though they live in a large metropolis. Mr. Seely demonstrates in welcome defiance of the old literary contention and convention that all city children are divided into two classes: prigs and hoodlums. The author's youthful hero leads an outdoor life, goes fishing, plays baseball and football (not to mention truant), and rings doorbells on Halloween altogether as dutifully as his small relative in country or town: this despite the fact that his home is in the populous apartment-house district of Chicago's South Side. Even in his more essentially metropolitan enterprises he still remains most normally juvenile: as when, for example, he escorts his little-girl sweetheart to the theatre, or goes downtown at Christmas-time to see Santa Claus in a department store. The humor of this story is not so hilarious as that of other small-boy books has been, but through its comparative quietness there results a more absolute realism with less of caricature and exaggeration. Also it is well Mr. Seely thought it unnecessary to supply his story with the suspense-elements of an actual plot, since the lives of growing children do certainly lack that continuity of aim which must mark characters suitable for conversion into fiction of a highly-plotted variety. Once or twice the incident is trite and the author's appeal a bit sentimental; still the main idea of the story is original, and worth while, in its development.

❖

I. A. R. Wylie is a woman writer who has done several stories of East-Indian life. Her novel issued this fall, however, "The Shining Heights" (John Lane Co., New York), has the English home-country as its background, except for some final chapters the action of which is laid in West Africa. "The Shining Heights" is a story of far more than superficial conception. It tells of *Peter Harding*, a man who has seemed to sacrifice his very human-nature to the end of discovering the scientific cure for a certain disease. He marries for her money a girl who is willing to finance his experiments. He relentlessly works with human subjects, one of whom dies while in his charge. An apparent coward, he avoids the Compulsion Act upon the outbreak of the war by escaping to America: thus his research may be uninterrupted. He neglects the woman who has given him herself and her fortune, forcing her to lead a solitary life in a stormy little Cornish coast-town. He carries on his studies quite outside the approval of any authoritative institution, medical or scientific: has not even a doctor's degree. He is highly uncertain of success: his father before him had made this very

same sort of attempt and died in sordid failure. *Harding's* wife is in danger of being won away from him by a man who has perceived her pathetic isolation. Whether she succumbs to his sympathy and love, whether her husband is finally vindicated, one must read the entire story to ascertain.

It would have been very easy to have considered in a maudlin, sentimental way the questions arising with respect to this case of *Peter Harding*: the poor, dear, misunderstood, martyred, scientific innovator!—and similar claptrap. But I. A. R. Wylie is more of an artist than that, and creates *Harding* as repellent to the reader as to his fellow-characters in the book. Though the matter of the story is realistic, its manner is romantic. Its mood, in fact, is extremely strange—exalted and at the same time sinister. Descriptions of the sea and rocks of St. Maro, the Cornish coast-town, are wild, tense and terrifying. Some glimpses of London are exotic despite their concreteness in detail. I. A. R. Wylie is an author with brains and a rather powerful talent; a sound and seasoned moral philosophy is, moreover, evidently the basis of her work.

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The constructing of a composite novel presents many difficulties. The imaginative faculties of the authors involved are doubtless far more handicapped than stimulated by the very definite limitations within which each must work. Almost everyone has tried the game of composite story-telling amid a group of amateurs, relatives or friends. Usually this proves a horrid form of entertainment. The story may start out well enough with thrilling theme of ghost or mystery. But after two or three persons have had their turns at it, the tale becomes so monotonously unsynthesized that even the most exciting episodes fail to furnish it interest. And even as attempted by professionals, a composite story can never be quite artistic, since through its very nature the aesthetic principle of unity is violated. In spite of such drawbacks, however, the novel "A Sturdy Oak," by fourteen American authors, is surprisingly satisfactory. (Henry Holt & Co., New York.) Those who contributed to its writing are as follows: Samuel Merwin, Harry Leon Wilson, Fannie Hurst, Dorothy Canfield, Kathleen Norris, Henry Kitchell Webster, Anne O'Hagan, Mary Heaton Vorse, Alice Duer Miller, Ethel Watts Mumford, Marjorie Benton Cooke, William Allen White, Mary Austin, Leroy Scott. The theme was in the first place supplied by Mary Austin, while the final work of editing and revision was accomplished by Elizabeth Jordan. All these men and women deserve the deepest thanks that they gave their professional services without payment for the cause of woman suffrage. The novel was planned as a somewhat glorified piece of campaign literature for the fall of 1917. So of course the subject is that of suffrage, and the characters chosen are such as to embody typical attitudes of mind regarding that issue. The hero, *George Remington*, is candidate for district attorney in a manufacturing town of New York. His views on the woman question are distinctly medieval: man should be the chivalrous protector of his

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For a Fair Street Railway Settlement

Every Reasonable Demand is Met By the Pending Bill

Criticism of the pending settlement ordinance—except that of the few men who wish to bankrupt the system and break up the all-city service—has simmered down to these demands:

"1—A fair appraisal of the value of the United Railways system as a basis for Company profits.

"2—The limiting of the profits of the Company to a fair return on this appraised value.

"3—The application of all the surplus above this reasonable return on the appraised capital to improved service or, if earnings justify it, to reduced fares.

"4—Municipal control of service.

"5—The City's right of purchase at an appraised value."

So far as the State law permits, the pending ordinance drafted by your City Government after many months of thorough investigation and discussion meets all of the above demands. Thus:

1—The City Government's consulting engineer and valuation expert HAS MADE AN APPRAISAL for the City of the capital value of United Railways property. He has appraised its purchase value at \$60,000,000, or \$17,000,000 less than our own engineer's appraisal.

2—The pending bill enables the City Government to limit the Company's share of earnings, for bond interest and dividends, to 6% yearly on the \$60,000,000 appraised value.

State Commissions recognize that street railways should earn 8% on capital value, to maintain good credit and be able

to give adequate good service keeping pace with city growth.

Your City Government has appraised our property at \$60,000,000 for possible purchase and for an enforced reorganization to get rid of the so-called "water" in our securities. But by limiting us to 6% on \$60,000,000 the City establishes in the pending bill an EARNING valuation of only \$45,000,000, at the necessary 8% State regulation rate.

There is not a chance that the State Public Service Commission, or any other competent authority, would appraise our capital value as low as \$45,000,000. The City's valuation expert admits that an inventory valuation today would show a capital value much larger than \$60,000,000.

Your City Government in the pending bill has taken advantage of this Company's urgent need for a settlement that would avert bankruptcy and save our stock holders from unjust loss of their equity in the property. The City has driven a shrewd, hard bargain—a bargain as hard as our security holders could accept.

3—The bill provides, through the Board of Control which it creates, a means by which the City Government can apply to service extensions and betterments every dollar of street railway earnings over 6% on the appraised capital value.

The power to regulate service and car fares is lodged by State law exclusively in the Missouri Public Service Commission. It was lodged there by the deliberate act of the people's law-makers, upon the demand of those St. Louisans who now want this power exercised by the City Government, from which they helped take it.

4—Municipal control of service is impossible except with the consent of the State Commission, which the people of Missouri including the people of St. Louis created to exercise this control. The pending bill

provides that the City Government shall resume such control, if the State Commission will consent.

5—The pending bill gives the City the right of purchase—which the City does not now possess—AT THE APPRAISED VALUE ALREADY ESTABLISHED BY THE CITY'S OWN VALUATION EXPERT.

Summed up, the bill gives the City these powers it now lacks:

1—To buy the street railways at its own appraisement, \$17,000,000 lower than ours, and at least \$20,000,000 less than cost of reproducing the property today.

2—To enforce use of every dollar of earnings, over 6% on the appraised value, for service extensions and betterments.

3—To control the kind and quantity of service, if your State Public Service Commission consents that it shall do so.

The bill gives the Company:

1—An undisputed official permit for a term no longer than our disputed permits now run.

2—Reduction of taxes averaging \$75,000 a year for 31 years. We have already given this to our employees in higher wages.

3—A credit basis indispensable to any betterment of service or wages.

Every day of delay in making a settlement postpones better service and better wages, and increases the risk that hundreds of St. Louis stock holders may lose their equity in the property.

Nobody, except possibly one or two agitators who hope to ride into office across a bankrupted and disrupted street railway system, has anything to gain by further delay in enactment of the bill.

The United Railways Company of St. Louis.

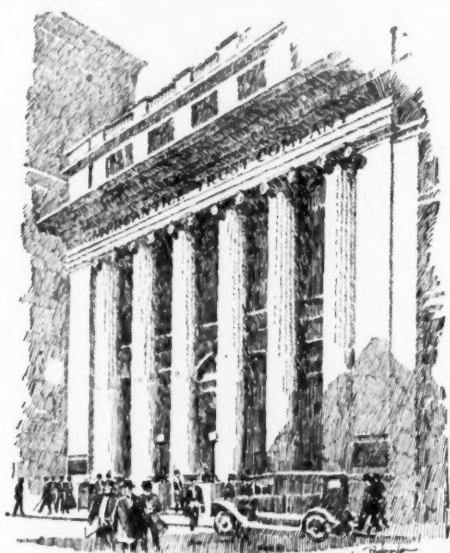
womankind. His newly-married wife, *Genevieve*, is so much in love with him that she is happy to play the complementary part of Clinging Vine. *Genevieve's* best friend, *Betty Sheridan*, is "advanced." Through her influence two unattached women, relatives of the *Remingtons*, come to take the young husband at his word when he has proclaimed himself as would-be protector of lone femininity. Thus home life becomes less secluded and idyllic for both *George* and *Genevieve*. Many other troubles arise as a result of the young

lawyer's lamentably archaic convictions. The story broadens in scope to a concern with municipal affairs, and attains at last a well-calculated climax. Technically, in fact, this novel is a remarkable piece of work, considering there were one hundred and forty "fingers in the pie" of its production. The characters, too, are far better unified than might be expected, and economical as to number. The individual writers modified their literary mannerisms to the effect that transitions from one chapter to another are not too objectionably bumpy.

Arguments of propaganda are not artificially introduced. There is ready and nimble response to demands upon wit and invention on the part of each of the writers in turn. In short, the novel is one which presents many interesting features, quite aside from the peculiar facts of its composition and the circumstances of its publication.

A romance of the Mississippi river is "The Devil's Own" by Randall Parrish, the author of many extensively-sold adventure stories. (A. C. McClurg & Co.,

Chicago.) The action of his most recent tale takes place near, on, and several times, for that matter, in, the Mississippi during the period of the Black Hawk war, that is to say, about the year 1832. The story has its starting-point, however, less in Indian hostilities than in a matter of slavery which might conceivably have developed in those days. The situation is that of *Rene Beaucourt*, a young girl who has been reared in comfort and happiness on a plantation outside St. Louis—wholly ignorant of the fact that she is the illegitimate



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daughter of a slave. The white man who is in reality her owner as well as her relative, stakes all his possessions in a game of chance. His opponent, *Joe Kirby*, defeats him by dubious

means, the ruined man dies, and so *Rene* will become the legal property of a wicked and evil-minded villain, who knows, moreover, the secret of her birth. But to the rescue goes heroic *Lieuten-*

ant Knox of the United States Army; hence a romance arises; whereupon, through a technical shift, the author avoids any problems of race such as would have been involved in the initial situation, so maintaining the entire story on a surface plane of adventure and excitement. Strictly speaking, this is no historical novel, though its setting is in the past. But the reader feels the plot was not placed in the present purely because episodes like those related would be unbelievable if ascribed to these times. And this is a legitimate and useful device. Once, however, temporal color is attempted by the portrayal of a backwoods meeting between Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis: the former as a crude and colloquial captain of untrained recruits—the latter as a polished but democratic young officer serving on a general's staff. Davis complimented Lincoln upon his ability to control his difficult men, and offered to do him a good turn should occasion present the opportunity. Then, too, the famous and romantic Underground Railway figures to some extent in the story. Mainly, however, "The Devil's Own" is melodramatic—with fights, curses, disguises and mistakes of identity, and several leaps, as afore-indicated, into "the black waters of the Mississippi below."—Ugh!—"Hatched in hell" are the diabolical ventures of *Joe Kirby*, according to the book's expression. There are even learned college professors, though, it is said, who like this kind of thing, provided it be well done, and Mr. Parrish, after his chosen way, is ingenious and expert.

Marts and Money

They feel a trifle better on the New York stock exchange,—at least they pretend to. There's some nice gossip about investment buying, a return of confidence, and the possibility of a real bull movement a month or two hence. But nothing definite, nothing dependable. There's also a revival of peace talk. It is fostered by sharp improvement in the values of Anglo-French 5s, American Foreign Securities 5s, and Russian 5½s and 6½s. The first-named bonds show an advance from 81½ to 89. We are not likely to err greatly if we hold that the notable recovery was largely the consequence of vigorous supporting operations on the part of banking institutions. Besides, there must have been many capitalistic investors who realized the extraordinary cheapness of these securities at the levels lately reached and who felt, at the same time, that the Russian defection, the Italian reverses, and the probability of a great German offensive in France had already been sufficiently discounted. Pacifistic cogitation was furthered likewise by the latest utterances of the British premier, which seemed to connote a slight modification of previous intransigent declarations on his part. Strange to say, there were intimations in some quarters that peace negotiations would be followed by an intensification of the tension in financial markets. Paradoxical reasoning, this, even in these times of world-wide commotion and confusion. Some people are hard to please. They tremble at the prospect of indefinite fighting, and see new disasters in peace

rumors. That a termination of hostilities would bring a reduction of about \$45,000,000,000 per annum in national expenditures is of no particular importance, apparently. However, what's the use arguing this point at present! Gentlemen talk of peace, but there is no peace in sight anywhere, if we leave Russia out of consideration. Even in that unhappy country political conditions still are far from settled, in view of the unending reports of new revolutionary outbreaks. According to some of the leading luminaries in the financial district, the course of liquidation has been completed, and the main drift will henceforth be steadily upward. The same authorities insist that floating supplies of representative issues have materially been reduced. Undoubtedly. It is a salient fact, however, that thus far first-class stocks have made but poor recoveries. As a rule, a long and intensive depression ends in a violent rebound, ranging from five to fifteen points in important cases. The current price of Steel preferred is 103½. The recent low notch was 102¾. For Union Pacific common, the respective figures are 103½ and 102; for Pennsylvania, 41¼ and 40¾; for General Electric, 122 and 118; for Atchison common, 77½ and 76½, and for New York Central, 63¼ and 62½. The prophets of optimism should see the necessity of explaining the striking proximities in these quotations. If, for example, Union Pacific, after dropping to 102, had swept impetuously upward to, say, 112 or 114, the propriety of cheerful conclusions would have been unquestionable. Reports of an \$8,000,000,000 war loan, drawing 4½ per cent, did not do much injury to prices, and were promptly denied by the secretary of the treasury. They have, however, served to start conjectures in regard to the rate of interest the next war bonds will bear. The untaxable 3½s are now quoted at 98.24, and the 4s at 97. Business in these securities has been remarkably large in the last two weeks. In the prevailing state of finances, it would certainly seem as though the government could not possibly escape the necessity of floating a 4½ per cent loan in the next two or three months. Such a rate would not be discreditable—not at all. The British and French governments have 4½, 5, and 5½ per cent war bonds outstanding, none of which are quoted at par at this moment. The old 2½ per cent British consols are rated at 54½, and the 3 per cent French rentes at 58.50. The latter is absolutely the lowest on record. Some fifteen years ago, French rentes were quoted at 102 to 105. Our federal government could float a 4½ per cent loan at par without trouble. Such a rate would forcefully appeal to millions of large and small investors all over the nation. The ordinary bond market continues torpid and depressed. It surely does not testify to aggressive tactics on the part of acquisitive investors. In the railroad department, values feel the hurtful influences of the *impasse* (for such it would seem to be) as regards helpful legislation. Procrastination is the order of the day in Washington, in congress especially. The commerce commission is resolved to do nothing further in the premises. It has washed its

hands of the affair. Congress has adjourned for the holidays, and President Wilson is expected by it to offer some valuable suggestions in a special message after the close of the Yuletide. Wall street is in a somewhat perturbed mood in respect to the forthcoming presidential advice. There's no reliable information as to the reasons for the disquietude. Nothing more is heard of the scheme about a railroad dictator. The rumors have died down the wind, it would seem. And so, naturally, the financiers and their retinues on the exchange are floundering in a bog of doubts as to the future of the transportation industry. A bad mess, certainly. It does not augur well for the billions of dollars of securities affected thereby. Why all this delay? Why all these *mañana* methods? And in such a momentous, crucial period like this? There's entirely too much dickering and hickering, evasion, inability to act, and shifting of responsibilities. No wonder Wall street feels baffled, uneasy, irresolute. As I have said on previous occasions in these columns, something decisive must be done without further serious delay if the nation's general finances are to be kept in a condition enabling them to bear successfully the growing burdens of the war. The demolition of values has gone far enough. If it goes much further, the guilt of the results will be on the heads of those high-standing parties in Washington who persist in hand-washing operations. The railroad problem has been before the government, in some form or other, since the beginning of the second ad-


ministration of Theodore Roosevelt, and it has constantly grown worse in its complexity and gravity. To use a somewhat hyperbolic phrase, it staggers the mind at the present time. In the loan market, conditions are about unaltered. Rates are firm. There's not much call money available at 6 per cent. Nor are the bankers inclined to show eagerness in the granting of six-month loans at 6 per cent. The collateral must be mighty good. It must not consist of more than 25 per cent in industrial paper. Railroad stocks are increasingly given the preference, despite the weakness of their quotations. Exchange folk consider the bankers' attitude rather illogical. They point out that of late Atchison common, Baltimore & Ohio common, Northern Pacific, and Union Pacific have exhibited less resiliency than Anaconda, Kennecott, Distillers, and Lackawanna Steel. The financiers are inexorable, though. They stick to their opinions and policies. They feel, probably, that soon or late Washington should be able to make up its mind in the proper manner, and that the railroad companies should then enter another long era of solid prosperity. The speculative crowd was much surprised when the department of agriculture placed the December 1 condition of the growing winter wheat crop at 79.3 per cent of normal, or at the lowest level in the country's history. The ten-year average is 89.3 per cent. The acreage was put at over 42,000,000 acres—a new absolute maximum, and the probable harvest at 540,000,000 bushels. This must be considered a decidedly unpromising forecast. The most dangerous season is still ahead for the fields. The federal authorities should lose no time in impressing the farmers of the northwest with the seriousness of the situation, and in urging them to enlarge their spring wheat areas to the utmost extent. A total wheat production of at least 800,000,000 bushels is a supreme desideratum. Stocks are ominously low in all the leading producing countries.



Finance in St. Louis

Taken altogether, they had a fairly good market on Fourth street. While the daily volumes of trading were modest, prices betrayed stiffening tendencies in most of the prominent instances. Particularly bright spots were Bank of Commerce, and National Candy common. The quotation for the former rose several points, about one hundred and forty shares being transferred at 113 to 120. The latter figure means a new maximum. It denotes a gain of about \$21 when compared with the low mark in 1916. Numerous transactions in National Candy common brought an advance to 35.75, a price implying an improvement of more than \$8 over the recent minimum. Last August the stock was valued at 38. In the early part of 1916, it could be bought at 5.50. Twelve Mercantile Trust were sold at the previous price of 350. For Certain-teed common 42 is bid at present. This, too, shows some noteworthy betterment. Five International Shoe preferred brought 109.50; fifty Fulton Iron Works common 41; twenty-five Hamilton-Brown Shoe 138, inclusive of the dividend, and \$3,000 United Railways 4s 52 to 53. The

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financial situation in this city feels the moderate turn for the better in Wall street and the general investment market. A considerable portion of dividend and interest payments, due in January, is expected to be put in first-class investment paper. There's no reason for the belief, though, that it will compare favorably with pre-war records.

Latest Quotations

	Bid	Asked
Nat. Bank Commerce.....	112½	114
Mississippi Valley Trust.....		28
United Railways 4s	50½	
Fulton Iron com.	42½	
do pfd		
Certain-teed com.	42½	
do 2d pfd		
St. L. Cotton Compress.....		

Ely & Walker 2d pfd	85½
International Shoe com.	100
do pfd	109½
Brown Shoe com	60
do pfd	71
Hydraulic P. Brick com.	1
Consolidated Coal	66½
National Candy com.	34½
do 1st pfd	97½
Mo. Portland Cement	72

Answers to Inquiries

F. M. McD., St. Paul, Minn.—People's Gas stock, of Chicago, should be held. The current quotation of 39½ amply allows for the unpropitious turn in the company's affairs. A little over a year ago the stock was rated at 118. A renewal of payments need not be looked for in the next twelve months. An assiduous husbanding of surplus income is absolutely necessary under existing conditions. The purchasing of another certificate would not appear advisable. If you have money for investment or speculation, pick out something that will net you at least 7 or 8 per cent. The task of selecting should not prove arduous.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—In the present state of the market, Erie common is a highly speculative proposition. The quoted price of 14 compares with 34½ last January. It represents the lowest level since 1908, when 12 was touched. The stock should be considered only by people who can afford to run the risks involved in carrying it through the remaining period of the war. The total depreciation is not of startling extent. It is no more severe than that noticeable in many other railroad stocks. The earnings of the Erie are badly affected by increasing cost of labor and material of all kinds. But the same can be said of the revenues of all railroad systems.

INQUISITIVE, Princeton, Mo.—The ruling price of Northern Pacific common (77) indicates a net yield of more than 9 per cent. It is the lowest since 1900. You would not be indiscreet if you commenced buying at 75. The possibility of a cut in the rate from 7 to 6 per cent has been discounted. There's cause for suspecting that much of the selling of the stock in recent weeks was for British account. It's hard to believe that German holdings still are heavy at this time. In all probability, they do not amount to more than \$2,000,000 in all.

W. O. C., Omaha, Neb.—(1) Cannot recommend an investment in Northern Ohio Traction & Light Co. 7 per cent gold bonds. While the net yield is 7 per cent at the quoted price of 100 and interest, it must be remembered that securities of this class are no longer regarded as high-grade investments. Market developments in the past few months have shown this conclusively. (2) Hold Central Leather common.

INVESTOR, Columbus, O.—The 5 per cent dividend on New York Central is still safely being earned. The current quotation of 66 does not appear ominous when contrasted with the values of other stocks of this character. It implies a net return of about 7.60 per cent, against 7.80 on Union Pacific common at 103, if we credit the latter stock with no more than the regular rate of \$8. Pennsylvania nets 7.10 at 42. Add to your holdings of New York Central in case of further depreciation.

New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

PIONEERING WHERE THE WORLD IS OLD by Alice Tisdale. New York: Henry Holt & Co., \$1.50.

The adventures of two Americans who chose to live and travel primitively in Manchuria. Illustrated from photographs.

THREE SHORT PLAYS by Gertrude Barker. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.

"Rococo," a farce dealing with a violent quarrel over a vase in the family of an English vicar; "Vote by Ballot," a comedy in one act; and "Farewell to the Theatre," a playlet with only two characters.

THE GREEN MIRROR by Hugh Walpole. New York: George H. Doran Co., \$1.50.

A new novel by the author of "The Dark Forest."

POEMS AND TRANSLATIONS by J. M. Synge. Boston: John W. Luce & Co., \$1.

Original poems, translated from Petrarch, Villon and others, issued uniform with the author's other works.

RECOLLECTIONS by John Viscount Morley. O. M. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$7.50.

The renowned English biographer and statesman herein records the recollections and reflections of his own career, describing the incidents and movements and people of the past fifty years as they touched his own life and activities. In two volumes. Indexed.

TOWER OF IVORY by Archibald MacLeish. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, \$1.

POEMS.

LANDSCAPE AND FIGURE PAINTERS OF AMERICA by Frederick Fairchild Sherman. New York: privately published by the author at 1790 Broadway, \$1.75.

A consideration of the art of painting and particularly the work of six American artists, with numerous full page reproductions of their paintings.

AUTUMN LOITERERS by Charles Hanson Towne. New York: G. H. Doran Co.

The history of an editor and an author's jaunt in an automobile through some old New England towns. Illustrated by Thomas F. Garity.

ENGLAND'S DEBT TO INDIA by Lajpat Rai. New York: B. W. Huebsch, \$2.

British rule in India discussed from an economic standpoint with all statements supported by British official and non-official testimony, showing that on the whole it has been misrule. A companion volume to "Young India." Indexed.

A CABINET OF JADE by David O'Neil. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$1.25.

A booklet of poems in the imagist manner, conforming rather better than most to the finer examples in this kind, taken from the Chinese and Japanese. Each poem is an intaglio, clean cut, very simple, complete in the scheme of impression and suffused with the suggestion which the author wishes to create out of the line texture and atmosphere.

FRANCE BEARS THE BURDEN by Gertrude Fortescue. New York: Macmillan & Co., \$1.25.

A description of the battles of the Somme, Verdun, the Argonne, and also a methodical delineation of the organization and practice of war as developed in France during the past three years, showing the spirit of the French and the effect of the war upon France. Illustrated.

A BOOK OF YALE REVIEW VERSE New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 75c.

A group of poems selected from the verse published during the past six years by the "Yale Review," including work of John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Robert Frost, Louis Untermeyer, William Rose Benét, Brian Hooker, Walter de la Mare, Vachel Lindsay and Amy Lowell.

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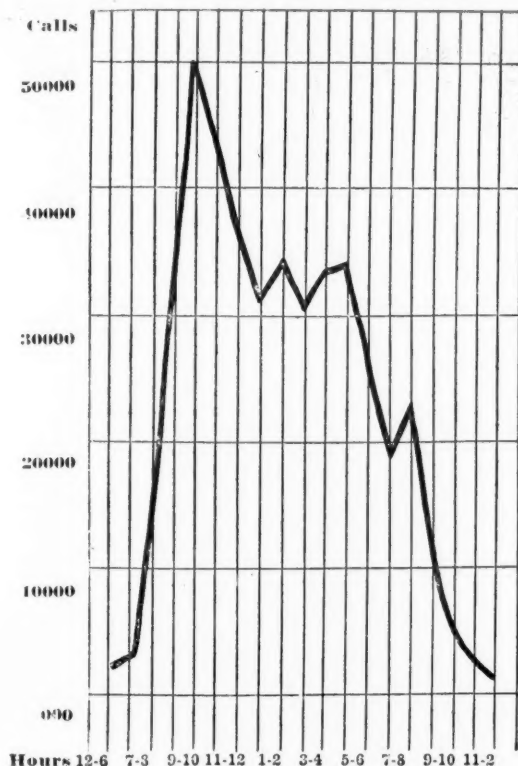
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